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threshold

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

DECEMBER 1, 1980

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VOL. 93 NO. 48

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## CONTENTS

Editorial	3
Backstage, New Delhi	4
Padron: Richard Rohrman	9
This Canada	10
Wheeler: Aspects of the North	10
Profile: Nick Taylor	13
Data Base: Salisbury	20
Sleekly seductive, it's a very new land	20
Letters	26
Canada	27
The West goes wild: Powers of Arms	28
bon, constitutional update, single	28
mailinghouse, world-parole afflition	28
Sports	38
Geoffrey's athletes arena, Cam	38
Smyth, boxing	38
People	40
World	42
The Gang of Four and other fleeter	42
officials go on trial in Peking; the	42
waking Atlantic link; Pacific war	42
gloom; government shuffles in	42
Finland; the Pope in West Germany	42
U.S.A.	45
The CIA comes in from the cold,	45
Raegan signs at the tables of power	45
in Washington	45
Badlands	49
AIDS, Copper Bluff, stamp collecting	50
Books	52
Mediafiles	55
The right moment again	58
Photo	58
Angry Bull goes the distance,	58
Monica Gao - \$40-million blimp,	58
Proof Arrangement	59
Alban Fotheringham-Davies	59
comes to senior executive	59

## COVER STORY

The West goes wild

Algonquin best, white rags at worst are stalking the West as a new separatist movement stirs through Canada's four provinces. One side observes the energy is up, the other, that it's going in Canada today. A report by Maclean's Alberta Bureau Chief Suzanne Zemaitis documents and analyzes the phenomenon.

—Page 25



The faith of Dorothy

Weight-watching brought Dorothy Hamill to the rule of Judy Garland.

—Page 47



Alberta's Liberal

Everyone knows Nick Taylor, but unfortunately as one pays attention to him.

—Page 48



The writing on the wall

From Peking, correspondent John Fraser brings a profound view of China.

—Page 52



The pain threshold

Sears raises new hopes for eradicating the worst of all man's afflictions.

—Page 60



# After Sanjay, the deluge?

*'Her tone was that of a person looking for an excuse'*

By Peter Niesewand

The most important man in India is not the president, who does what he's told. Nor is it Indira, the surviving daughter of the former minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi. It's with a heavy heart, lost his job as an airline pilot to his father, the political barrier. Father, the world wrangler, that's what it is, goes to a bounded zone with shrewd, piercing eyes who chooses himself in white wash and flies his own blue-and-white executive aircraft. He is Sanjay Dixendra, Ambassador—whose word barometers tell, very privately, "Bastotis"—and he is an astute man of much that is wrong with Gandhi and her government. Astrology rules, and India. She has become increasingly suspicious, and undoubtedly reliant on the advice of astrologers, particularly Brahmanachari. He sees the prime minister almost every day. He attends his servants around. He frequents the officers who help him to his ease close to the nation's leaders, and they bear a transfer to themselves events and names if they offend him in any way.

India has always been a nation of superstitions, where political leaders routinely consult astrologers to determine the most auspicious moment for forming a government. But observers are disturbed by what is open as Gandhi's astrological calendar as the owner to fill the enormous gap left by the death of Sanjay, has said, almost without exception, that it is Indira's son, Sanjay, who will be India's next Prime Minister, who has organized enormous concentrations during Gandhi's last administration, calls Brahmanachari "an erratic individual" who had effortlessly subverted an entire administrative system by having friends in high places.

There is a crisis of leadership in India, a development far too important for the outside world to ignore, for it promises international, as well as domestic, consequences. Ten months after his election, and five months after Sanjay's death in an airplane crash, Gandhi's "government that works" seems aimed by an extraordinary partyline. Even her supporters are becoming alarmed by the obvious national drift in the face of growing problems. In the semi-autonomous state of Assam, the Assamese are completing a year of sometimes bloody protest in an effort to ensure the expansion of millions of acreage grants from their portion of the country. Price inflation is soaring, and the rate of inflation is Indiana. Bankers' deposits will be hundreds every year. Thousands of banks are established, unregulated, or beaten up seriously, and millions are slowly buried with contempt by name. Thugs. Corruption is widespread—particularly at the top levels—and hardly anyone trusts politicians.

Gandhi's answer to these problems, as of late, has been to pass ordinances that erode civil liberties but fail to tackle essential issues, and to concentrate on irrelevant and super-



Gandhi, seized by an extraordinary paroxysm

luous questionable projects. Tax, inflationary policies that abet in. Gandhi resists who cannot go on like this much longer. And if she is unable to do anything constructive, well then, there may have to be a dissolution. And that disaster is just what seems to be building up on the subcontinent: a tsunami, a show to make people forget about their little local difficulties and concentrate on a new national threat. It should be something that later will provide a useful excuse for continuing domestic problems—namely a second-to-none war against neighboring Pakistan.

Gandhi's public statements have fuelled the impression that something major and unpleasant will happen soon, and certainly with Pakistan have determined to quickly and inexplicably that a border war over the divided northern state of Kashmir seems a likely prospect. The possibility. One outcome, though, has a conceivable end to the subject: a breakthrough in the headline: **WANNAKA WINS!**

Last week, asked what she thought of the mood in Pakistan toward normalization of relations, she replied: "Whose mood?" General Zia's (Pakistan's military leader, General Zia Ul-Haq) or the Pakistani people?" At a recent press conference, Gandhi evaded at Zia over the question of whether Pakistan was building a nuclear bomb. "President Zia keeps saying it," she said. "Well, we take his word for it. Well, when did she think?" "I don't think I like saying that seems to be not telling the truth," the prime minister answered. "We will leave at that."

The general secretary of the opposition Janata party, Dr. Subramanian Swamy, has expressed dismay over Gandhi's recent surprising nomination, at an army camp near the disputed border, that Pakistan was not interested in furthering friendly ties with India. Dr. Swamy said he detected no evidence of belligerency on the part of Pakistan. "Her tone was that of a person looking for an excuse," he observed.

Consequently, both sides are returning. India, particularly New Delhi's recent semi-deals are slanting. This year, Gandhi's government signed a major order with the Soviet Union for purchases of about 700 F-12 tanks, and an understanding of the Soviet strategic Soviet fighter-bomber, the MiG-21. Arms purchases from the United States have been renewed after a break of 15 years, and almost \$200 million worth of missiles and howitzers are on order from Washington.

But even without the new deliveries, both sides have enough for a noisy, bloody war, and unless someone manages to lead Gandhi off that a country where we might see a destructive destruction, providing something other than pop and political incompromis on which to meditate.

Peter Niesewand is Maclean's correspondent in New Delhi.



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## PODIUM

# Join Parliament, see the country

*'Cries of foul and snarls of separation echo throughout the West'*

By Richard Bohmer

The Canadian nation has been wracked and twisted as never before by the powerful forces of disunity. When the Quebec thrust toward separation was blunted by René Lévesque's referendum, a short-lived stand of compatriotism was cast over the country. The massive federalization drive imposed by Pierre Trudeau in association with his referendum-time promise to his fellow Québécois was quickly followed by another unilateral assault. The prime minister, with his fellow Québécois, chose to bypass the Quebecois—Maurice Duplessis, Jean Chétien, Léo Piché—dropped the other foot from a high distance. The federal money budget hit Alberta (and B.C. and Saskatchewan) squarely between the eyes.

Cries of foul now echo throughout the West. Snarls of separation can be heard in every media snark and cranny from Winnipeg to Victoria. These dark, arrogant, unknowing barards are Ottawa. They have no understanding, no feeling for us westerners. They've done nothing since 1867 but rip us off. Let's separate.

Whether the West believes it or not, the notion of separation is growing in the West. A referendum? Why not? Quebec did it. Why shouldn't Alberta or B.C.? It's time for some unusual steps to be taken as an urgent effort to unify this Canada. God bless the constitutional and secessionary steps taken by the federal government but let's have a look at the negative side.

What can be done? That's positive? There is one step—a dramatic one—that the government of Canada could take. To understand this step, we have to go back to Sir John A. Macdonald and Confederation. Life was slower in 1867. Instant communication was unknown. Railway was the only "Tel" means of long-distance transportation. Ships sailed the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence for three seasons of the year. Horse-drawn sleighs or wagons were the only alternatives. Once a member of Parliament was elected, whether from the Maritimes, Upper or Lower Canada, and he started off on his journey to Ottawa, he knew it would take him a long time to get there and he would have to stay until his business was finished. There was no telephone to pick up in talk with his family, no aircraft to get him home for the weekend. With the principles, limited transportation and communications facilities available in 1867, Parliament had no choice but to sit in one place—Ottawa. Remember, in those days, there were no provinces west of Ontario. And so, sans Confederation, the House of Commons has been locked in Ottawa. In 1867, it couldn't be otherwise. In 1880, it is inappropriate that it should not be so.

Today there are 285 members of the House of Commons of whom 30 are ministers. There are 54 deputy ministers

and a host of assistant deputy ministers, and they are supported by a host of thousands in each of the ministries. The whole House of Commons, plus the deputy ministers and their immediate staffs, could be moved from Ottawa to any major point in Canada in a single Boeing 747 of the people's airline, Air Canada (as the Tel only as an example). It would only common sense to put them all in one aircraft, at least not without a free bar! In every regional centre of Canada there are ample hotel facilities to accommodate our MP's members. And there are arenas, convention centres and other buildings that could be converted into temporary Houses of Commons. The ministers, senators, deputies, all would congregate with their offices in Ottawa by telephone, Teletype, television, courier and postal service. Certainly the negotiations would take time, money and much planning, but that separate body that represents those who were more to the country than Ottawa—would justify the effort.

So my "Band-Aid" solution for national unity is that in addition to sitting in Ottawa the House of Commons should spend two six-week sessions a year in another regional centre. For example, the spring six-week session could be held in Edmonton and the fall meeting in Quebec City. The next year the spring session might be in Winnipeg, and the fall gathering in Halifax. And so on.

Regional sessions would demonstrate that the House of Commons is a vital, dynamic institution which is willing and able to conduct its business in each of the regions. It would be a good idea for legislators to bring their families to their first visit to an area that they might not have seen otherwise. As a result, they and their senior civil service, would learn firsthand about the country they have been charged to govern. The people of the regions would be able to visit the settings of the House and watch their parliamentarians in action. Standing committees of the House could focus their attention on the special problems of the region and hear local residents and witnesses. (And the regional tourism bureaus, hotels and restaurants would get a real shot in the financial arm with all these Ottawa big-spenders in town for six weeks.)

It may be that the closest members of Parliament would balk at this scheme, but a House of Commons that was truly to go to the people is every sense of the word would make an enormous contribution to national unity. Parliament would overcome its resistances. Regional differences would be recognized as that—just differences, not irreconcilable barriers to unity.

A lawyer and author, Richard Bohmer's latest novel is *Perspective Red*.



# Mondo condo on the other side of the mountain

*A gabled mock-European town rises, and so do land prices*



The new Whistler (above): skiing spouses Al Raine and Money Green; gabled houses

By Thomas Hopkins

Myrtle Philip's house in the B.C. resort town of Whistler is old and white with red trim and a shingled tile roof. From the living room, the ceiling and arched windows, thick with Tudor ornamentation, to the frames of fine old trees reflected in Alta Lake, over the hill on the other side of the lake, below the twin ranges of Whistler and Blackcomb Mountains, hand-saws of construction workers are feverishly banging and peeling to finish the new town centre that has erupted in the middle of Myrtle Philip's home town. "Oh, I don't mind all the construction and the town centre," says Mrs. Philip, at 89 a sort of up-country Kate Hepburn who first came to the valley in 1941. "I'm just glad it's happening over there," and she flicks a hand over her shoulder.

The development that Myrtle is pleased to see on her side of the lake is planned to be the last of the "Greatest Skis in North America" built as the "Greatest High in North America." It's the new Whistler, a \$360-million five-year expansion of the once sleepy resort town 225 km north of Vancouver. Whistler Mountain had long been known for the longest vertical drop in North America and its tent ski runs, but until recently it was stuck with the amenities of the backcountry town it was before the first lift went up in 1965. Lack of amenities and spartan night life drove off but day skiers and a few lucky chalet owners back to their home towns after a few nights. Now, after seven years of planning, a model European town centre is rising, with gabled houses, a church, a hotel and nightclubs around a central square. Above the centre, a whale new mountain, Blackcomb, has been developed with new runs down its sides like the serrations of a ski bunny's nail. New lifts on Blackcomb and Whistler have boosted last year's daily capacity of 5,000 skiers from 12,000. Skier-use permits in the town centre include an elegant restaurant by Vancouver restaurateur Umberto Meaghi, a Decca Records Ltd. foreign exchange, a gourmet bakery, as well as a new Arnold Palmer-designed golf course. Spread along 16 km of unspoiled valley bottom above the lake, Whistler (though the town has been scattered in the same general area) has become a high-profile Vancouver with land prices soaring out of control. A lot that sold for \$30,000 two years ago now fetches \$80,000. A three-bedroom condo lists for \$250,000. For visitors, a studio with a garden bed rents for \$75 a night, a two-bedroom suite for \$120.

It is a little too much too fast for many of Whistler's permanent core of 1,300. "There is a certain boldness," says Paul Jarrine, who shuffles in clogs and blue jeans around his office



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Whistler's private new town centre (below) resort residents (from left) Myrtle Phillips, Paul Berners and Charlie Doyle; yes, there is a cantaloupe here.

an editor of the Whistler Quotables. Like a lot of Whistlerites, Barrows was a she-barn, living at his home in a trailer at the bottom of the hills. Eventually he tired of the odd jobs and started the paper in 1976. Whistler is beginning to look predictable. Down is "sweaty Robert Redford," heading toward sweater hats and sweaters. His name, without TV or radio, might as well be quieting, crackling, leaves in winter.

For the valley's many visitors, it's a perpetual party town. "Like university without the classes," explains Charlie Doyle, 32, editor of *Buzzword*, weekly competition. *The Whistler Answer*. Over the years a groove has been worn in a circuit—Monday at the local King restaurant (he has moved), Tuesday at a bar called J.B.'s (dudes night), Wednesday to The Root (the only pub), and Thursday, Fridays and Saturdays to the only place, at L'Agape's restaurant. Flashin' skin and good teeth are the rule. "It's a UNW crowd," says Paul Berners. "They like to keep up with the tourists." Local girls include the late fall Trucker's Hall and the Early Spring Great Slave Earth And Water Fair, in which women resemble from the top of Whistler Mountain. In a finishing line beyond the lake by any means they can devise, Doyle, who once squatted on Capes land in a makeshift cabin before the RCMP rescued him, some squatters are still there, though that "this is the only place in B.C. where a hang-

over is an excuse for being late for work." Here so, the danger of being "beached" was never far off, and metro drivers competed to see who could shave minutes off the one-hour trip on separation Highway 99 into Vancouver. "I can usually get down to town in an hour and 15 minutes," confided one pillar of Whistler society, "but for God's sake don't be late."

But now things like the returned ski bums who populate it, Whistler is getting serious. Fortunes have been made in real estate by the astute and the next few months will see cable TV and FM, radio licenses, local golf courses and body-needed improvement in the phone system. Some 20,000 people are expected to flock into the valley at peak times this winter. Eventually it will be 40,000. Still, there are few major complaints. The all-new growth happens too long since left Whistler for the Gold Islands, and these remaining have a clear alliance in capitalism. "Friends used to think I was nuts to stay up here," says Barrows, who is expanding his premises and launching an in-hotel magazine. "Now they don't think I'm crazy." Money is plentiful and the planning and design of the new town could have been worse.

"The most kind of urban sprawl?" That's the way Al Raine, 38, former B.C. co-ordinator and current government-appointed alderman to Whistler, remembers the town in the early 1970s.

With no master plan (the town was not incorporated until 1980), developers were rampaging over the valley. Even today, restaurants such as The King and others are located miles from the town centre, major businesses in developers who gained zoning allowances the hole in the wall would be. For the developer, a developer's freedom in 1980, the first provincial government of the day was uninterested in rules and launched the careers. Whistler plan, inherited by the Scrubs, the plan involved a corporatism—steered jointly by the Federal Business Development Bank and Auger Stone Corp which is owned in part by the Twentieth Century Fox—to build Blackcomb. The Whistler Village Land Co., overseen by Whistler Council, developed the town centre, acting as traffic cop to 22 developers. Adams Whistler Land Co. head Terry Shegog, for 20 years now manager of Vail, Colo., "We didn't have enough hand holding with the community."

So it would seem. A recent election campaign saw a split develop between the old-timers elements of town council and the new-guard. Former ski bums who want to do some fine tuning to the great blank cheque of the master plan. The inside was police. Indeed all Whistler condones approved of the project, but some worried, in the words of Barrows, that "Whistler, in a dogma, had lost control of Whistler." Certain people, too, however, and public meetings, as in Auger, are resulting strong for popularity. Where outside skiers worried as the town site shut down the project for three weeks over the master design, Auger's town council members were more than perturbed. Local took to picketing the politicians. A public meeting there days ago to goad the project into straightening the referee counter of Highway 99 and to find affordable housing for a new generation of young chamber roads and not-hangovers. Warren Jim Kennedy, at 30 a slow, wiser and eight-year resident, "The problem is how to stop."

Late in the day cars hum along Highway 99, as the nests of tourists and locals slide cross upwards. Whistler remains a semi-coastal region where warm weather has already canceled two World Cup ski events in recent years. The season's first fall snow comes the morning of Oct. 20, the end of the season of humor." "It has to be your season of humor," laughs Jan Bunting, Whistler doyenne who runs the Goddess Restaurant much favored by local residents. A more truly Whistlerian response to the fatal onset of winter was from Brad Nader, 32, glass-turned-constructor. "Tell them," he yelled across the parking lot at a departing journalist, "tell them we want thousands of new women." ♦

## PROFILE: NICK TAYLOR

# The lasting endurance of a Liberal in Alberta

*The man everyone knows, but to whom no one pays attention*

By Wayne Stens

**T**he event, if you're ready, is the annual dinner meeting of the Alberta Association of Insurance Adjusters. The locale is a former class in the Edmonton Plaza Hotel, and the attire is rare Alberta beef. The audience is somewhat confused. To call the milling boors, the great speaker in over a philosopher, a millionaire, and leader of the Alberta Liberal Party. The

Taylor rises slowly to his stool, and tries to make light of the occasion. "I wasn't sure what the hell you were planning to throw at me," he says good-naturedly. The adjusters look into levels of laughter. This is Taylor's trademark, the political quip, the 15-second repartee that sends insurance offices into fits of delight. Naturally, Taylor scoffs at this talent, preferring to be recognized for his leadership abilities and his philosophical interests.

So it is, that as an evening to raise political bay if recent polls can be believed, Taylor's Liberals are ranked No. 2 behind the *Langford Conservatives* (28 per cent behind, mind you, but two percent ahead of *Green Nostalgia*, the sole and leading member of the no's, who several pundits consider to be the rising force in Alberta). Taylor begins his swiping attack on the all-powerful, all-domineering Langford government. The insurance adjusters seem interested enough. "We have a government in power but not in service," Taylor says. It would be nice to convince the adjusters that any political party could manage a province as foreboding as Alberta. The fact that they ought to another favorite of the no's, the *Alberta Social Credit*, is pre-empted with a quip. "They are becoming three heads in the 'trunk of the no's'—to the detriment of research and development and a strong service sector that could provide for Alberta what it once had." Our greatest asset is between our ears," he says. Naturally the insurance adjusters sit up.

But the audience suddenly begins to grow restless on this strange serpent's diet. If the province is no may to manage, why change governments? Taylor seems to shrug. "There's some at the provincial government's scandal-ridden social services department that are concerned about the future of our province," he says, "but they're caught up with their own ticks. There's laughter. Really, when Taylor mentions the environmental offices of Alberta's road-savaged northeast. "When I entered politics, there was only one Peter who could walk on water," he says. There is much laughter, but it is not the laughter of voters, entertaining thoughts of reservation.

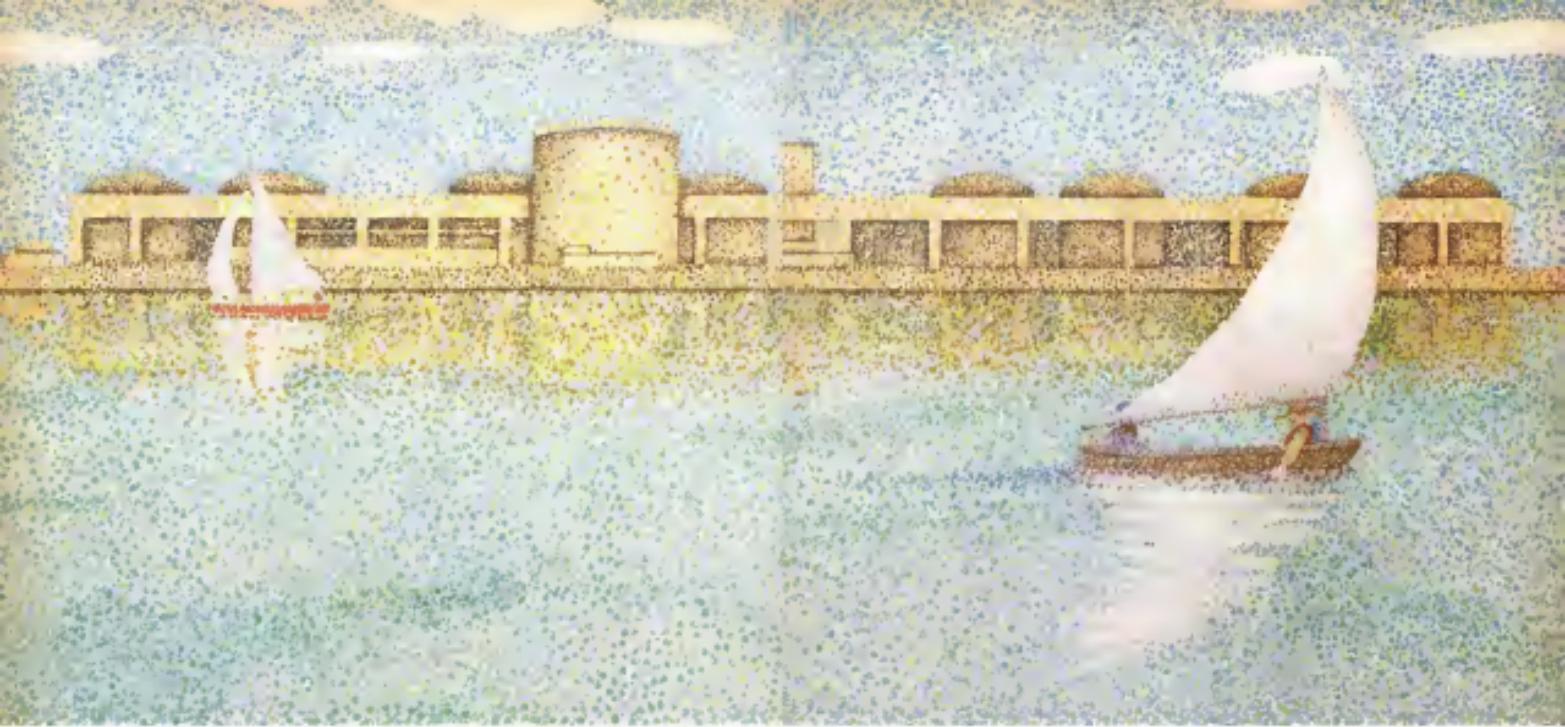
Polite applause. The dinner is ad-



Nick Taylor the ambience is confused

Alberta Liberal party. He speaks like a socialist, quotes like Aquinas and John St. Paul and like a latter day Moses with slightly tougher odds, expects to lead his party (and some 3,000 card-carrying Liberals) to opposition status in the Alberta legislature—despite the fact that he has no nest himself and must watch legislation debates from the visitors' gallery. His name is Nick W. Taylor.

Tough, Nick Taylor is. Intraduced as the man "everybody loves to恨," but nobody can any longer stomach. "The federal Conservative doones as a graduate of University of Alberta, in geology and engineering, self-made millionaire, president of Local Explorations Ltd., devoted father of seven girls and two boys; the sort of the kind table-silently enterprises. One by one, the adjusters sit up, swaying, perhaps because they don't want to be recognized in Taylor's company when it's his turn to speak.



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Part of Taylor's family (left to right) daughters Ali, Shelly, Steph, Sarah, Patricia, with Peg, Grandma and Grandpa Davies. Why pursue the most thankless job in Alberta?

joined Briefcase in hand, Taylor leaves the room, drawing to a close one of the three "political" days a week he indulges in. The rest is for business and for family. To be a Liberal leader in Alberta, one almost has to be a methuselah.

"It's sort of annoying," Taylor admits, referring to that talent for political banter which clashes drastically with his philosophical interests, and that occasionally obscures his serious aims. "But you have to tell it as it's

down to earth." Unfortunately, the minute Taylor is approached about his philosophical leanings, he reaches for his speech notes, automatically pointing out parts of the text and outlining his strategy of "getting to the audience. I concentrate on government spending and laissez-aller," he claims. "That appeals to them because they deal with it everyday."

St. Augustine or not, Nick Taylor wants to get elected to the provincial legislature. Defeated federally by Deag-

lan Harkness in Calgary Centre in 1968 (against Trudeau himself), and again by Pierre Trudeau in 1972, the closest he has come to these true principles was in the Barrehead riding (Hugh Herner's former seat) in 1979, when he came within 380 votes of winning. It was as he were being paraded for the treasury of opponents Peter Lougheed, but the problems are actually much more fundamental. His economics, for instance, are deeply rooted in the thought of John Stuart Mill, who believed in "peasant proprietorship." Like Mill, Taylor has been accused of dancing too close to "xenophiles," which in Alberta is a dance of death. Despite being president of a Calgary-based firm with oil exploration holdings as far away as Egypt and the North Sea, Taylor argues a move away from large, multinational resource corporations and toward small, independent businesses. For Taylor, the key to the future is an expanded "between the ears" or nervous system. "Just look at the Swiss and Japanese countries that handle inflation better because they are service oriented," he claims.

The question that puzzles most Albertans is why a self-styled man with a large and devoted family has decided to pursue the most thankless job in the province. The answer is that liberalism is in Nick Taylor's blood: his eldest daughter, Patricia, is a former provincial

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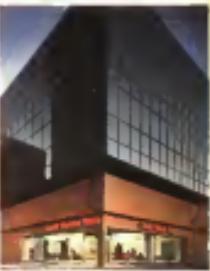


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Liberal candidate as well as a practising lawyer and member of Leed's board of directors. "I am a Socialist," he claims. "A politician with people in mind."

But of Nick Taylor has the people of Alberta in mind, seven feet remember Nick Taylor when election time rolls around. The Liberals drew only six per cent of the vote in the last election. The ghostly image of "Nick's Alberta," as Pierre Elliott Trudeau is often called in Edmonton, doesn't help matters any. "Personally, I like and respect the man," Taylor says, with a touch of understatement. "But he's no help to me at all." Holding a grudging respect for the prime minister doesn't, mean, however, that Taylor has to respect and admire his office staff, the policy shapers who seem to have created an even western alienation. "The Courts and the media are being very critical of us. We've forgotten the things that concern westerners most," Taylor emphasizes. Their intransigency brings a dangerous lack of understanding of such crucial issues as western separation. "Anyone who knows history knows that separation is never natural," Taylor maintains with typical sophist certitude. "It's always economic. And that's what is frightening. Nationally, even, ourself and lefties in Alberta are talking separation." As Taylor observes, it is the petite bourgeoisie—in Fraser in 1789, in the American colonies in 1775 and, if the scenario continues in Alberta in 1986—who feed the seeds of separation.

Unfortunately for the mass of building a stronger opposition wave in a province that is ruled as an oligarchy, Taylor's recent improvement in the popularity polls could well dissolve in the fallout of last week's unpredictable federal budget. Provincial politicians are already post-cooking Taylor's racing car, insisting that stonking giving the Liberals about 17 per cent of the province's vote (compared to the NDP's roughly 15 per cent) was nothing more than a minor adjustment by voters as they moved in after the fall of the Social Credit party, the traditional right opposition. Taylor is undeterred, as he is by the oft-repeated taunt that it is awfully easy to play phony when you are a millionaire. He intends to be premier of Alberta one day—after he gets a seat in the legislature, of course. In the meantime, he's busy trying to increase support for the Liberal party's Alberta branch and trimming the party's \$60,000 deficit. What with those formidable tasks and the demand for one-fifth—Langford and Trudeau are "two kids playing with matches," the natural gas tax is clearly "the nail in the coffin of Confederation"—philosophy will have to wait. □

## OFTEN, BEING MILD-NATURED DEMONSTRATES STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.



Very Mild.  
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## Slowly adjusting in a very new land

*It will have to get a lot worse before any other country can offer a better life\**

By Heidi Holland

**S**ome ex-Rhodians have performed extraordinary political conversions in their efforts to maintain peace with the black men who took up arms and fought for seven bloody years against white rule. Jim Barker, a farmer growing maize in the Karoo area 250 km northeast of Salisbury, recently invited a group of 12 guerrillas—known to have been responsible for numerous attacks on his house and the deaths of several family friends—for a drink and talk about the future. When the guerrillas arrived at



Grenade screens still cover windows of country homes; former ex-separatist leader's determination of war scars is fading

the security gates of Nyikwana Farm, Barker, using their guns, turned from the fence, saying he was going back to the house to fetch his own rifle. "They shot to me, 'No, Mr. Jim, we come in peace, and then they all pointed their weapons against the wall."

The former and the guerrillas gathered on a mound of rocks outside the thatched house and sat around with both sets of hosts, wearily on deck and dreadful nights past. The guerrillas told Barker that his efforts anti-apartheid against their repeated mortar bombs and fire-arms attacks had finally convinced them that supernatural powers were on his side. "We were extremely lucky not to lose a member of the family," Barker admits. "They tried to get us above enough."

His family's survival owes as much to Barker's courage and ploughing as to luck, however. "Throughout the war, we built more and more security barriers," he says. "After almost every attack, we remanned our protection." Nearly a year after the ceasefire (although bloodletting continues between rival guerrilla factions), his house has remained a fortress of walls within walls, and grenade screens still cover the windows. The traditional-type tower from which he fired mortar bombs and those sets of results of assassination and certain emergency medical supplies—morphine, drugs and bandages—which

guerrillas anticipated and pointed his rifle at them. "I was sure he would kill us," the rounds. Her youngest son, Jan, five years old at the time, asked the guerrilla, "Are you a terrorist?" and the man replied, "No, I'm in the army. Are you a terrorist?" The guerrilla left the house then and was killed half an hour later by a military patrol. Earlier that day, the same guerrilla had shot a neighboring farmer.

During attacks on the farmhouse, July, the children and Judy's elderly parents crowded into the base of the tower and loaded magazines with ammunition to pass up to Barker at the



the roadside trained. Barker kept in touch the wounded, but fortunately never needed for his family.

Barker flies his own single-engine aircraft and became a member of the civilian army, treating and transporting 115 messenger cases during the war. His wife, Judy, helped her husband care for the family from an abandoned farm and military radio. She says it was impossible to protect their four children from the house and fear that prompted for so many years. "I remember one of them running into the house calling, 'Have you seen the rain outside with his head blown off?'" Judy Barker taught her two daughters to crochet "for their wives." On an averaging day in 1973, Judy and three of her children were in the farm store when a

top. "It was incredibly Lynch," he says. "I was involved in many operations with army and police units where we had either had to rely on for support. But up there on the tower, being two separate units and knowing there were about 100 of us surrounding the house, that was another story."

During his talks with the guerrillas, Barker discussed the attacks they had made on his farm. One was grenade at him and said, "We have not before, Mr. Jim." "Where?" Barker asked. The guerrillas remained brief in their sessions when Barker had been flying over the farm in his airplane and spotted two a road was in the bush below. "I wondered if they were guerrillas or soldiers," Barker recalls. "One waved, so I waved back." Over a beer, the guerrillas said, "That

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We Fly the Pacific

# "I carry the sun in a golden cup."

Ireland's famous poet  
captures in words  
the essence of Irish Mist.  
Enjoy it soon.



was me, Mr. Jim," says Barker. "I think that's where I could have gone back if he was ever looking for a job."

The bitterness of the war seems in fading in most farming communities, although some still have guerrilla supporters. Sixty white farmers have been killed in recent months as security will and can never be total, says Jim. Barker's life has returned to almost normal. During the war, he and his wife were unable to leave the farm unaccompanied as they exposed few social activities. "Now we can go out at night, have friends for dinner, see films, go on holidays," he says.

Like most white Rhodesians, the Barkers are concerned about education and health services in the new country, and about their continued right to private ownership of land. Since Robert Mugabe took office last April, both schools and hospitals facilities for whites have remained largely undamaged, despite considerable pressure from black rebels. Mugabe has also resisted land-limits and has recently won over many who advocate the seizure of white-owned land and is attempting to quell the worst fears of whites by implementing gradual changes and a relatively slow redistribution of wealth. Mugabe is well aware that a mass white exodus from Rhodesia will decimate the wealth itself.

But there remains among many whites an uneasy conviction that their old culture and traditions will be eroded by the new order, whether the government is deliberately hostile or not. The cornerstone of this culture is what whites call "standards"—the assumption that telephones will work, roads will be maintained, electricity will be serviced, and that state officials, particularly the police, will not corruption. More seriously, white standards extend to strict punctuality for appointments, speedy service at shop counters and manicured grass verges along suburban streets. Many of these white standards are entirely alien to blacks. White man will wait in vain for punctuality among Africans, for example, because it simply does not feature in the black man's traditional and unwritten code of manners. It is this type of cultural conflict to which some whites refer when they say "Africanisation will force us to leave Rhodesia."

The number of whites have emigrated this year for a variety of reasons, and more will follow. Those already departed have left some gaps in the economy but no serious loss of expertise. Most of those emigrating are at last beginning to trust their black priests' masterly statements of intent. Says Jim Barker: "This country will have to get us to work before any other country can offer a better life." □

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Mercury Capri V-6 with leather-upholstered interior.

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## Miscast and misunderstood

I read with interest your article *America Through a Foreign Lens* (This Canada, Oct. 21). In his lead piece, which is quite well done in parts, the writer cannot, however, conceal his increasing propensity to take cheap potshots at industry, in this case the Iron Ore Company of Canada. Thirty years ago, a group of daring people set out to finance and build this company and an entire social infrastructure in Schreiber, Quebec, and in Labrador City, Nfld., with no government money. The founded product is not perfect, but it is basic, an impressive achievement. Michael Martin, the now manager of Labrador City, is the most outstanding critic of industry in the area. The Iron Ore Company of Canada is Martin's favorite whipping boy. True, his pay and expenses to pay a minimum of 75 per cent of the total budget of Labrador City—the highest such payment by a company in the entire province. All negotiations have been handled for the company by appropriate officials. Such expenditures are approved by senior management at meetings held in Canada, not in a "foreign country." Last week, the world stood most amazed at the new low. An important product was completely altered, so as to close in on maximum (not most productive) period to enable our employees to enjoy a paid summer vacation with their families back home. Moreover, at considerable cost, we did everything humanly possible to minimize the effects upon our employees. I am proud to say that this effort by the Iron Ore Company of Canada was sincerely appreciated by our employees as



Expanses on roads through wild Labrador countryside, as enjoyed and discussed in recent issue.

well as union and community leaders. What was Martin's reaction? As reported in your article *The Arctic League* (This Week, Oct. 21), he said the company "has done well to do the workers of these mines justice so that they can't strike next spring." Mr. Martin is entitled to his opinion of me and Labrador City is clearly entitled to print it, but I have an understandable reluctance to be cast as a villain when, by and large, my mother thinks I'm a pretty nice guy.

—M. JAMES McLEOD,  
President, Iron Ore Company  
of Canada, Montreal

### Looking good

I enjoy your People section weekly and find that you never stop coming up with great stories that are always on top of the news. I was particularly pleased to see the man as Salvatore Dali (People, Oct. 13). Congratulations to you and your staff.

—CAROLYNNE MURKIN,  
Toronto

### Omission impossible

Key MacGregor has written another excellent story which gives a fair and balanced version of a man who is a must

interesting political phenomenon (Confederation's Bad Step, Cover, Nov. 11). My published statement does not represent my views on the entire subject but I did say that the "Mr. MacGregor factor that we don't have a good case" and that's why he has not gone to court. The omission of "dean" materially changes the sense of the statement attributed to me.

—EDWARD BORRER,  
St. John's, P.E.I.

### No comic relief

In his editorial *No More Gulgofs— Trudeau Will Have to Write It Himself* (Sept. 28), Peter C. Newman quotes Prime Minister Angus Macdonald of Prince Edward Island as saying that he is "an Islander first, a Newfoundland second and a Canadian third." Mr. Newman refers to this as a compliment. To me it read it is not essential—it is all too frequently symptomatic of what life in Canada

—KINGSTON, ONT.

I found Peter C. Newman's editorial helped clarify the contentious debate in a Western Canadian, I mean Trudeau as being mainly representative of the city-state of Ottawa, whose star will rise or fall in conjunction with Ontario, and not in the surrounding love between Bill Davis' Jaggedo in the hot breath of change in the air and the Central Canada establishment. I find that the end of the Liberal government is cheap oil for Ontario, and a refraction passing the populous of Central Canada against that of the producing provinces is a cheaper alternative than an armed invasion of the Middle East. Morally, it is standstill.

—E. B. MORRISON,  
Port Hope, B.C.

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# THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

## MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1979 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1978 Jim Cook, Ottawa
- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1976 Dan Footham, Montreal
- 1975 Charlie Turner, Edmonton
- 1974 Ed George, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1979 Ben Zemanski, Hamilton
- 1978 Steve Ferraro, Edmonton
- 1977 Dan Keeley, Edmonton
- 1976 Jim Coughlin, Ottawa
- 1975 Jim Coughlin, Toronto
- 1974 John Watson, Calgary

## MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1979 Brian Kelly, Edmonton
- 1978 Jim Polley, Winnipeg
- 1977 Brian Keeley, B.C.
- 1976 John Stevens, B.C.
- 1975 Tim Cleary, Ottawa
- 1974 Sam Cognetti, Toronto
- 1973 John Kordas, Montreal
- 1972 Chuck Lakey, Hamilton

## MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1979 Dave Fennell, Edmonton
- 1978 Gary Gait, Ottawa
- 1977 John Gait, Ottawa
- 1976 Jim Fife, Ottawa
- 1975 Tony Gait, Hamilton
- 1973 Gerry Orlatz, Ottawa
- 1972 Jim Tugela, B.C.
- 1971 Terry Kivisto, Montreal
- 1970 Jim Tugela, B.C.
- 1969 Ken Johnson, Ottawa
- 1968 Terry Riddell, Winnipeg
- 1967 Terry Riddell, Calgary
- 1966 Ron Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Tom Jackson, Hamilton
- 1964 Harvey Miller, Calgary
- 1963 Harvey Miller, Calgary
- 1962 Jim Tugela, B.C.
- 1961 Jim Tugela, B.C.
- 1960 Jim Tugela, B.C.
- 1959 Jim Tugela, B.C.
- 1958 Jim Tugela, B.C.
- 1957 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg
- 1956 Normie Kivisto, Edmonton
- 1955 Normie Kivisto, Edmonton
- 1954 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg

## MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1979 Ray Neelis, B.C.
- 1978 John Nelson, Calgary
- 1977 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1976 Mike Morrissey, B.C.
- 1975 John Lachance, Edmonton
- 1974 Ken Letzke, Ottawa
- 1973 Ed MacQuarrie, Saskatchewan
- 1972 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1971 Mike Morrissey, B.C.
- 1970 Tom Jones, B.C.
- 1969 John Kivisto, Hamilton
- 1968 Tom Jackson, Ottawa
- 1967 Harvey Miller, Calgary
- 1966 Ron Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Tom Jackson, Ottawa
- 1964 Tom Jackson, Ottawa
- 1963 Tom Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 Tom Jackson, Ottawa
- 1961 Tom Jackson, Ottawa
- 1960 Tom Jackson, Ottawa
- 1959 Tom Jackson, Ottawa
- 1958 Tom Jackson, Ottawa
- 1957 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg
- 1956 Normie Kivisto, Edmonton
- 1955 Normie Kivisto, Edmonton
- 1954 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg



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Some women  
get all the  
complements.

## Bon vivant, man about town and the idol of Madagascar



*'It isn't funny if you're in the middle of it'*

**Tom Lehrer described himself** as the 'lone survivor of his first album as "a howl, more or less, about loves, lost of three continents and Madagascar, where half a million gathering survivors think I am God." To thousands of others, however, he is now deservedly an *irreverent cult*, especially among the young. In 1965, the *Star* of New York, who brought the world some life, *Pelicans* (Don't drink the water, and don't breathe the air). In 1968, the *New York Times* and *Time* Lehrer reviewed his first album, *Songs by Tom Lehrer*, as a *private sketch* he sold from his post office box in Cambridge, Mass., where he attended Harvard. In 1968, *Am. J. of Sociology* named university students and learned scholars more deserve, another album was released and a *magical* career began with his *regretful* resolution of the *ungrateful* job: *The Vatican Tug*. (Please get out now, your kind! Public with your resources! Bow your head with great respect and gratitude, *please*, *go home*!) The *composers*, *singer*, *satirist* who virtually disappeared from public eye.

In June of this year, at the Criterion Theatre in London, England, the end of *Tombolay*, a musical review based on Lehrer's work, took audience back to those years that were. The Canadian version opens at Calgary's Alberta Theatre Projects on Nov. 22 and will then embark on a nationwide tour. *Free* (as Lehrer journalist Margaret MacPherson

*Lehrer interviewed Lehrer for Maclean's at his Cambridge, Mass., home.*

**Maclean's:** The first thing that comes to everyone's mind when they hear the name Tom Lehrer is his 1960 song *Pelicans*. *Pelicans* in the Park. *More* or *less*, it's a *private sketch*. *More* or *less*, it's a *private sketch*. *More*, *less*, it's a *private sketch*. *No, I haven't*, I *haven't*—*because* there's an *underlying* distance as most people's part for *passion*. *A distance* they would *openly* admit to because, after all, *passion* is *God's* *resistance* and people wouldn't *think* there's *any* *harm*. *But I think* the *fact* that the *song* *written* as it *does* *indicates* that there are a *lot* of people who *wouldn't*, *let* *us* *say*, *be upset* if there were *no more* *passion*. *Now*, *my* *feeling* *about* *that* *extends* *to* *dogs*. *If* *I'd* *written* *a* *song* *saying* "Let's go out and *passion* some *dogs*," *that* *wouldn't* *be* *funny*. *I* *don't* *have* *any* *real* *objection* *to* *dogs*—*that* *is* *to* *say*, *animal* *slavery*—*as long* *as* *they* *don't* *break* *your* *footwear*. *Everyone's* *enjoyed* *some* *short* *private* *pleasures*, *no* *matter* *how* *harmless*. *Just* *don't* *admit* *them* *on* *me*.

**Maclean's:** You mentioned a *lot* of *mixed* *messages* *in your* *songs*. *How* *do* *you* *feel* *about* *that* *now*?

**Lehrer:** That's what people *need*, but I *didn't* *think* it *was* *being* *done*. *The* *people* *that* *I* *associated* *with* *agreed* *with* *me*. *President* *Eisenhower* *beat* *Democrat* *Adlai* *E. Stevenson* *by* *a* *landslide*, *after* *all*, *so* *I* *know* *there* *was*

# THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

## TROIKA VODKA

Schenley's famous Troika Vodka has won 3 Gold, 1 Silver and 1 Bronze Medal. It has also won the loyalty of Canadians who prefer an outstanding Bloody Mary or Screwdriver.

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## SCHENLEY O.F.C.

Schenley O.F.C. has received 8 Gold Medals and the Monde Selection perpetual trophy. These awards are fitting tributes to the outstanding 8 year old Canadian Whisky that is a favourite throughout Canada.



somebody out there who thought Bessie Smith was a better candidate. But I didn't know anything.

**MacLean's:** You once said, "The only trouble with rock music is that it is written by the people." Lohar: I was making a comment about the '50s. There's one scene in *Ames' Room* that is absolutely wonderful. It's where John Belushi breaks the guy's guitar to an audience while he's singing *I Love My Love a Cherry*. All these memories of parties in the '60s suddenly came welling up—the implication was that urban, college people who spoke

English perfectly well were somehow longing for their roots among the people. So, they were doing terrible Old English and Old Irish and Old American River Songs of England of songs that had nothing to do with them, and nothing to do with the way they spoke. Everybody had a guitar and knew three chords and never sang over and over again. It was actually a competition. Whoever knew the most verses was MacLean's: You stopped going on concert tours in 1968, your last record came out in 1969. What happened?

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*I have no objection to dogs'*

**MacLean's:** You do seem to be somewhat ambivalent about dogs. You once said,

**Condé Nast:** Do you have any kids?

**Lohar:** I'm not ambivalent at all. I'm totally negative. The temperament of a

performer requires a desire to really do it. They want to be out there and have people hit their hands together. To me, the cheapie fadists that Fraction I don't need to have love-hate cheering.

**MacLean's:** How did you get started in show business?

**Lohar:** I used to write songs—parodies mostly [that] Al Capp gave me—"my first break, showbiz," to quote from every bad Hollywood movie. He had a local television program in Boston. Guest pianists would be asked to guest news items from show, one of which was in the form of a song, which I would write and perform. Capp was a good guy. He subsequently became a right-wing, terrible person and later died.

**MacLean's:** You were drafted into the army in 1945 and stayed for 28 years. What sort of life?

**Lohar:** Am I allowed to say this? I don't think I'm allowed to say this. Highly

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that smoking a

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Doug Morrison and his wife with clients in a portfolio discussion

Commodity expert Elyne Adams checking the crop



Elyne Adams on the floor of the CSE, where Midland Doherty is No. 1 in transactions



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asset. I wouldn't possibly go into that because the CIA would be down on me in no time. Suffice to say that it is solely due to me that America has its pre-eminence in the field of national defence today.

**MacLean:** You have deserved powerfully in that, haven't you?

**Lerner:** There are levels of ability. Britain was considered a very bad thing during the '60s and '70s. But there's a difference between a respect for excellence—and a desire to be excellent—and an arrogance that comes with it. The idea of saying that we're all equal is just not true.

**MacLean:** You teach musical comedy and mathematics courses at the University of California in Santa Cruz. Has university changed since you were at Harvard?

**Lerner:** The university is run by arabs. It has nothing to do with education anymore. Education is like what you do on the side to keep your franchise. Knowledge for its own sake is admittedly a luxury, but there should be some place for it.

**MacLean:** Would you like to see students from Latin America again?

**Lerner:** English? I don't care about Latin. If they could only speak English, I'd like it. Academic excellence was prized in the old days, and if you misbehaved that was it. There wasn't any question of bringing guns to school, or knives. I was reading in the paper the other day where some school system is paying for 2000000 a day to get to school. It costs us the treasury rate tremendously. Now they're arabs. If they don't go to school, they should be killed.

**MacLean:** Do you feel that being Jewish has as any way modified you—certainly not in your home?

**Lerner:** I am not an intellectual. All these conundrums of the '30s that I was part of—they all were. Obviously there is some kind of sociological explanation, and presumably the role of the outsider has a lot to do with it. It may not be so true anymore. Now the WASPs are the outsiders, and so we have people like Robin Williams, Roseanne, and Meryl Streep. It was just a traditional thing. Cops were Irish and Jews were criminals. There are probably all kinds of vast theories about why Albert Einstein, Karl Marx or Sigmund Freud were all Jewish. It's not necessarily that they *were* Jewish, but that they *were* a step removed from the mainstay and, therefore, looked at things differently. The great advances in science are perhaps not provided by people who find answers to unanswered questions, but by the people who pose new questions. Human looks at something in a different way. And you have to stand back. It isn't funny if you're in the middle of it. □

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## CANADA

# Separatism West: fact or fad?

*The federalists' fear: a charismatic separatist leader among the baseball caps*



Chris McEvoy, the魁北克人，and supporters in Edmonton last week. The entrepreneurial spirit will be gone.



By Suzanne Zwaren

**T**he modern 500-seat community hall in Airdrie, Alta., was filled to overflowing with small businesspeople, farmers and homeowners. Long lines stretched around tables where people were petitioning their local mayors to become members of a proposed new Western Federation, and packed brochure stands for the West-Fed Association ("Are you pro WEST and fed up with Ottawa?"). The buying and selling, the talking and socializing for a cause, were still going on when University of Calgary economist Warren Blackman began speaking. Blackman, in the mid-1970s, was one of the first economists to endorse the economic viability of a separate West. This night, though, he was longer as dramatic than an electoral pamphlet. In the straightforward,乾淨的 style of a teacher (1966 Bill Atwood), Blackman condemned a bankrupt, sedentary government for its "greedy and grasping" approach to Canada. There are a "centralist, socialist state" advancing from east to west. "The entrepreneurial spirit will be gone," he said, and the enrolment record "blow, too, in human freedom." More chapping: "Is that what we want?" The record showed, "No, no, no."

The voice for Western Canada, as West-Fed's魁北克人 movement for an independent nation builds up in the four western provinces, is indeed in full



Calgary entrepreneur Chris McEvoy at a Edmonton rally: "A growing danger"

nightly in towns as tiny as Caroline and Cardston and cities as large as Calgary and Edmonton. Coupled with those who signed up for Petro-Canada credit cards after Petro-Canada took over the 300 Pacific gas service stations last spring have come up their cards and mailed the spiffy books to Petro-Canada headquarters in Calgary.

The movement seems to be spreading through Alberta, faster than a gauntlet fire. but results of a Quebec West Federation poll, released this week, show that, while pressed to the wall on the issue, only a minuscule portion of westerners truly want to separate from the rest of Canada (see page 22). Nor has the movement yet struck a spark in the remaining western provinces, whose consequence to separation is vital to West-Fed's example. But dissatisfaction with Canada and a wary fascination with the growth of a separation in Alberta have become major topics in radio and TV shows, on bars and boardrooms and in the bedrooms of the dry, parched prairie stretches in the West. In the watering holes of downtown Vancouver, western frustration, if not separation, is the next favorite topic after house prices and rain. In Saskatchewan they're talking it over too, but calling it alone. "Rather than support a separatist cause of some sort, I would oppose the excess power of Ontario and Quebec and try to change the imbalance," says Ed

**Maclean's**  
10 NOVEMBER 22, 1986

## SEPARATISM WEST

Walker, who farms near Morden, Sask. "The only way [separation] could succeed was if it happened as a western movement between Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and B.C., and there are too many political differences for that to happen. I think a lot of the people I know are thinking along those lines, but we are not headed for separation the way it looks in Alberta." Even Manitobans, the westernmost most closely linked to the West, are looking westward west. The Winnipeg Free

Press (right), Kretschmar (below) with separation messages; the Trudeau shug

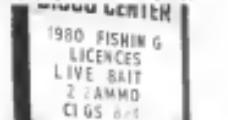


he was pulling the plug on a new oil sands plant when somebody coughed up \$50 million. More seriously, Armstrong had barely finished speaking when Ottawa was volunteering to do the backtracking.

**E**ven West-Fed can't stay abreast. In Anyline, as the crowd filed Kentucky Fried Chicken buckets with ribs, separation was proclaimed a grassroots movement, "not a board-of-directors movement." A short two days later, West-Fed organizers were looking over a sea of protesters in the posh Calgary Inn. Within hours of an announcement of a barbecue featuring Calgary editor Carl Nickle (see page 30), the 700-seat dining room was sold out, another 300 paid their \$10 and were ushered. At one table, the province's vice-president and several oil company executives interrupted the talk of their country. Hence, the nation takes to the streets. Hence, their dispensing travels to ask if everybody had heard that Kentucky Fried Chicken saw his liberal logo on the menu: "AE left wings and ankles," said Petro-Canada President Jim Thornton, and everyone laughed.

Nickle, who has 11 directorships himself, allowed that he hadn't addressed as large a crowd since he spoke to the Canadian Club in Toronto last spring. His speaking style is anything but evangelical, but his message about Blackman's Confederation was set up

Calgary signs a messiah might appear



SEPARATION  
IS THE ANSWER  
TRUDEAU  
IS THE QUESTION



Press has pronounced separation will last, but no longer a fringe, and the paper frets that meetings "which once attracted only a handful of people now draw several hundred."

Months, like weeks ago, Albertans, like other westerners, were content merely to complain about their governors. After a century's ranting, no one anticipated much beyond another verbal 100 Years War. But events have been overtaking each other all fall. The federal budget was still in the backroom when a Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed task to television to announce his resistance, import duty, charmin' Jack Armstrong, announced in Halifax Nov. 22 that his empire would not cut his operations to the face of the budget; just a week later in New York (see page 11).



Arthur, Fraser and Cook: "It is the most dangerous thing going in Canada today"

with the West and the Maritimes as economic satellites, the Alberta oil boom happened despite a lack of help from the East, the current National Energy Policy will fall, costing countless jobs and worsening a faltering Canadian economy. "Would Ottawa allow a levy from eastern gold miners?" he asked, just as in Anyline they had asked about a levy on Alberta oil. "I think in Anyline my crowd applauded and shouted, 'Yes!'"

"I am neither a founder nor a leader of West-Fed, but I support their views and have become a member," said Nickle pointing out that Canada wasn't east or west and changing all the time. "If the final answer has to be to give the West the freedom to grow, then, so be it."

**I**f "Free the West" is a new cry, a new ALBERTA LINES UP against a new right on streets, West-Fed is capitulating on some very old grievances—transportation and grain-handling, freight rates and the difficulties of industrial development, the lack of western representation.

**Would you prefer that the provinces of Western Canada combine to form an independent country?**

**Agree percentages:**

B.C.	Alta.	Sask.	Man.
4	7	3	3

**Would you prefer that the provinces of Western Canada join the U.S.A. as separate states?**

**Agree percentages:**

B.C.	Alta.	Sask.	Man.
2	4	2	3

After the budget, Politburo David Ethon, a political science professor at the University of Lethbridge, sees support for separation map have increased because of the negative reaction of many Albertans to the budget. But the more likely explanation, he adds, is that later surveys "probably measure an immediate emotional reaction to a particular event rather than an ongoing willingness to change the political map of Canada."

Other findings of the Canadian West Survey, conducted by the research and marketing lobby group, were conducted in mid-October—before the federal budget was released—and is the largest (1,259 people) and most comprehensive survey of Western Canadian views on alienation. Canada West says it shows that the same eight-per-cent separation, feeling that the West has been treated unfairly in other polls over the past two years, a percentage substantially less than the 16 per cent in favor of separation found by an Edmonton Journal-Globe & Mail poll immediately

before the budget. The freight rates' double standard has already rankled the West. Neil Peterman of the Transportation Agency of Saskatchewan calls freight rates a "discourager" that discourages industrial development and hampers the West's economy. Saskatchewan's rates at the Crows Rate of \$3.6 cents per 100 lbs. processed into oil, it must be shipped at four times that rate. Saskatchewan producers of processed goods must pay the freight to get them to market but, if they're buying processed goods from the East, they also pay the freight to get those goods. And if westerners felt the tax-shifting rates of power during Jim Clark's short-lived Conservative government, Ontario's and Quebec's combined 770 units now another Western Canada's 80.

**W**hat's new in the brew is Alberta's independence war, what the citizens of the West are doing to the resources grid of the federal budget. Alberta-born Howard Leeson, now deputy minister of intergovernmental affairs in Saskatchewan, says it's "old and new alienation" in the West. He traces the old alienation to the Depression when populist farm movements started in each province; the old alienation, expressed in agricultural issues like

fuel the West is usually ignored in national policies because the federal parties depend on Quebec and Ontario for most of their votes. The expression of alienation grew to 14 per cent in 1981. May said it was at its greatest in 1982—15 per cent—but the federal government has made a genuine effort to overcome problems of economic discrimination against the West.

The conclusion seems to be that westerners are growing more alienated all the time but that they're not yet ready to split the country. Canada West, however, warns against complacency. Separatist sentiment is not insignificant, the survey says. "There is good reason to believe there are approximately 350,000 Western Canadians who favor breaking up the country." That's 10 per cent of the total population. When migrants and the oil-rich West come to an adult, when they've had time to consider the West's unique, idiosyncratic western perception of discrimination and waste, western confidence in the potential of an independent West and the feeling of benefits that would follow separation "are currently overshadowed by a strong and widespread identification with Canada." But that could change, says Canada West, noting the recent rise in separation activity. "Future growth is dependent . . . on the maturing of the national government, and the concern or indifference that it displays."



first western separatist." His Western National Party, from which he has split, began with a letter to the editor of *The Daily Colonist* in 1975, in which he said he perceived a difference—"the East controls resources, the West has them, and the East had the power to get them." Christie, currently travelling the West to rally converts, was rebuffed in his efforts to join with Alberta's West-Fed, which began the day after this year's election. Edmonton businesswoman Linda Kinnison wrote a letter to the editor of *The Edmonton Journal* which attracted the attention of Edmonton lawyer Robert Mathew. With \$20,000 of Christie's money and an abiding belief that the pace of Canadianization has already separated from the West, the two start West-Fed with small-scale rallies and instant telephone up-to-date appearances and big fish such as Earl Nickle. If West-Fed and Christie's B.C. group can't get along, neither party can continue in Dick Collier, the far-right Conservative leader in Saskatchewan.

## The risks of two new solitudes

Pierre Trudeau got off to the worst possible start. Rolling his energy program to a grumpy Prairie audience three weeks ago, he referred to western "parasites" and "systems" over Ottawa's pure intentions. It was still a mis-understanding, but people say now. He meant to comprehend the West for being too devoted to the nation over to consider separation seriously. Somehow, many westerners gained his message.

Since Trudeau advisers concede that they are dealing with an explosive situation, but they hope冷静 will prevail. This was not an explanation for the press adviser's decision to travel overseas for 10 days. Among the Liberals, the thought is dawning that there are two solitudes—the political power of the East, the economic power of the West. Each wants a piece of the other's territory. No one has any easy answers about where the two will meet.

"We haven't succeeded in making Albertans feel part of the decision-making," asserts Senator Bill Glaz, minister of economic development and one of the last batch of Liberals elected from Alberta. Two elections ago "What it goes down to," said Trudeau's policy adviser, Tim Arnotting, "is a Marquis of Granby. He's got a lack of power, influence in the rest of the country. Westerners see the East having most of the votes and worry that they'll never amount for anything in the country. They believe the national govern-



Arresting and Esso logo: It's would pull the plug if nobody coughed \$40 million

ment, whose Unisant party seeks to join the West to the U.S. The Unisants are trying to achieve party status in Alberta, but even Colver admits to lagging "four or five months behind schedule from where I thought it would be."

None of the current leaders seems to have the magic potion that could re-unite the solitudes together. But westerners who still believe in a united Canada fear that the leading crews, the drumbeats drumming around money, baseless, will create not a leader. Prime Minister Trudeau, in a radio appearance last month, apparently dissolved in disarray, probably graduated himself into attending West-Fed meetings. Even he has an arrogant disregard of separatist sentiment. "I saved Quebec," said Trudeau with a shrug. "Somebody else will have to save the West." The danger is that the misgivings that might appear to save the West will lead it not back into Confederation, but into a new, free state. □

With Alan Jones, Barbara Mowat and Tom McGehee. From left: Dick Collier in Edmonton and Peter Daigle-Gaudre in Winnipeg

ment will systematically discriminate against them."

It is a central Liberal belief that political paroxysms and grudges are quickly forgotten by Canadians, so care is being taken to keep fuel from the flames. The cabinet is trooping around long-overdue changes to the Cross Rate for western crude oil, set in 1977 and now vastly



Oliver a failure to make their point

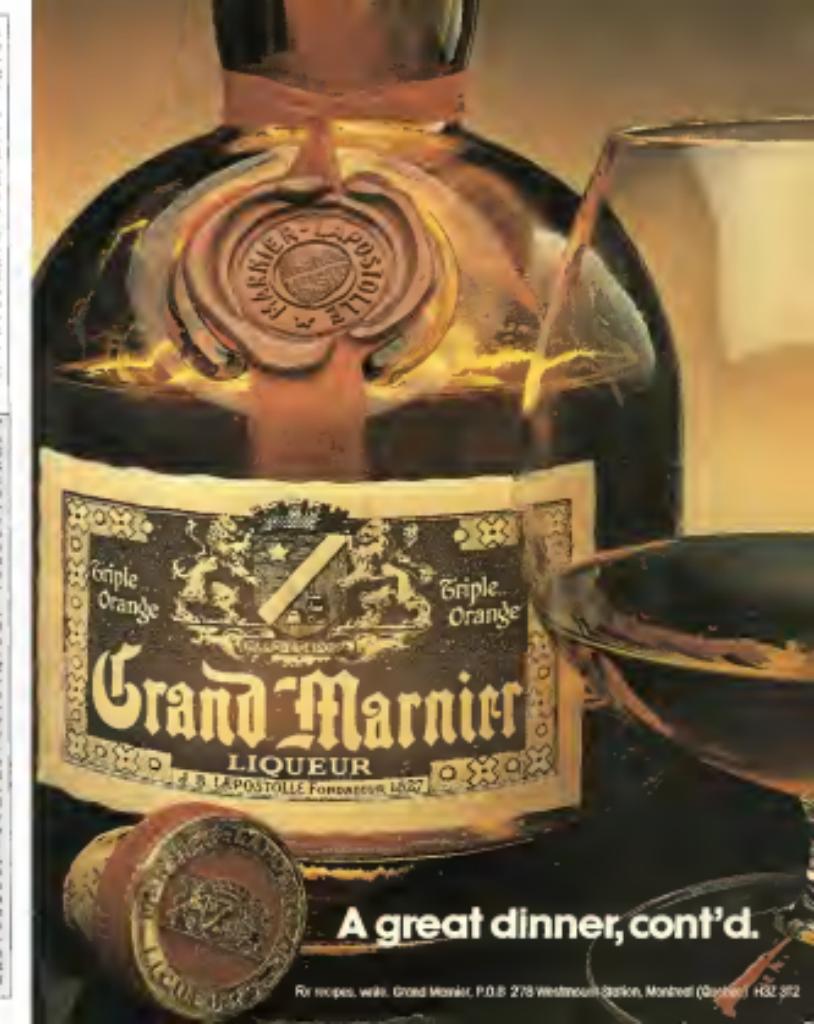
below the cost of shipping grade. But Prairie myth has it that their rains are testament to a constitutional right for farmers, while in fact they were not to help the prairie weather a period of falling prices. No one wants to bother the farmers with that just now.

Less dependency is going into defeating the energy program, but with good reason. Ottawa feels the slightest hint of second

thoughts could trigger a drilling "strike" like that of 1973. The government prefers to remain silent about the changes and out-stay the oilmen. In a offer stock, it agreed to loan \$8 million to Canada's largest oil company to continue work on the stalled Cold Lake oil sands plant. Imperial Oil didn't need the cash, only the commitment. The demand amounted to putting Ottawa's money where its mouth is. Ottawa did, and the project only awaits approval from the Alberta cabinet, which is chosen to link the oil sands to settlement of higher prices for its energy.

In many ways, Ottawa finds it more difficult now to deal with the Albertans oil entrepreneurs in whom to help than with the nationalists. Carl Nickle, the Calgary oilman who advocates separation if Ottawa continues to be the West's enforcers, has unfairly become Ottawa's symbol of the ugly Alberta Trudeau syndrome that this is a right-wing money response. In the last year, Nickle's political has spread from sharp political polarization to the floor of the Commons, where Energy Minister Marc Lalonde has shamed about over the separation of John Abbott, a disgruntled Calgarian who neglected to take out Canadian citizenship. Raging by the budget, Lalonde threatened to leave his oil company's explosives to the U.S. In defense of Marnier and his company, Calgary oil player Leslie Astor sheered across the floor that Marnier's partner was born in Canada and that "he's more a Canadian than you'll ever be." The exchange was one of the uglier moments in the House this year. As East and West continue to define each other's sense of nationhood in the months to come, Canadians can expect more of the same.

—TAS ANDERSON



A great dinner, cont'd.

## The prime minister

### Some Enchanted Evenings

**S**audi Arabian Oil Minister Sheikh Ahmad Zaki Yamani had, however, his doubts. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, his six-year-old son Sacha and various Canadian officials—to the edges of the desert at the oasis of Maschit Sabah on the Great Incense Route of Arabia last week. The Yemensi caravan—including air-conditioned camper vans, police cars that blazed their horns on the empty desert, a water tanker truck, even a supply of Pepsi and Tropicana—pedaled below a cliff where the ancient Nabataeans had once more than 2,000 years ago. This was to be the site of the Enchanted Evening. The hosts and



Yamani and Trudeau (inset) and (left) with Crown Prince Faisal bin Hashem?



guests feasted on sheep (which had had their throats ritually slit), rare, spicy sausages and stuffed vegetables eaten in the Arab way—with the fingers of the right hand only.

Trudeau, it seemed, could have danced all night. It went well, the wine was flowing, the wine was flowing down the traditional mawazine with coffee and Trudeau. The check reported that he was amazed at Trudeau's mawazine. "He's much better than those in Mexico right now." Yet, later, Trudeau noted the onset of "Arab fever" when he persuaded Liliane Jenkins, wife of Canadian Ambassador William Jenkins, to dance with him. In Saudi Arabia, dancing with a woman is close to adultery—and Trudeau behind seclusion. Saudi wives retained when Jenkins jumped up to join his wife and

guests feasted on sheep (which had had their throats ritually slit), rare, spicy sausages and stuffed vegetables eaten in the Arab way—with the fingers of the right hand only.

But Trudeau's mawazine wasn't all Arabia. There was the visit with, on a tour of Saudi officials, Yamani, offered a \$1.5 billion up to 100,000 barrels a day through Petro-Canada. Trudeau and his son Sacha, who was serving as his personal aide, were meeting with the Saudi minister of culture and Trudeau. The check reported that he was amazed at Trudeau's mawazine. "He's much better than those in Mexico right now." Yet, later, Trudeau noted the onset of "Arab fever" when he persuaded Liliane Jenkins, wife of Canadian Ambassador William Jenkins, to dance with him. In Saudi Arabia, dancing with a woman is close to adultery—and Trudeau behind seclusion. Saudi wives retained when Jenkins jumped up to join his wife and

that they were not ready to make any easy concessions to Western views, though they appeared curiously interested in Trudeau's urgings to take a more active part in the North-South dialogue. Already major oil players, particularly in Muslim countries, the Saudis are wary of being taken into abstractions in which they would lose control of their petroleum. "I don't expect instant success," Trudeau remarked. "Everybody and his brother is coming here and asking for money."

Then Trudeau and his train flew to Yemen, where the Saudis are Carter's oil and oil purchases cheaper Arabian wheat, before moving on to Cairo and a meeting with Egyptian President Anuar Sadat, followed by the usual round of government-gassing and a banquet enhanced by a smoke curtain, three cohorts and a belly dancer named the Red Bird. After that, it was off to Rome and Paris for even more Enchanted Evenings.

—WARREN GERARD

With this David Baird is off to Paris and Peter Lougheed to Cairo.

## National

### Like shooting rights in a barrel

**T**he government's proposed charter of rights looked so repudiated by Quebec last week that even its stoniest supporters were feeling the draft. The charter—the first 30 sections of the Trudeau constitution—was meant to protect traditional civil and legal rights from encroachment by future lawmakers and to secure stronger minority language rights



Maynard Tanenbaum: Parliament won't do anything but some premiers may think so

After a week of attacks on Parliament's constitutional committee, government lawyers contend they were refreshing legislation. The attacks began with the very first section, which guarantees the rights and freedoms set out in the charter "subject only to such reasonable limits as are generally accepted in a free and democratic society with a parliamentary system of government." The Canadian Civil Liberties Association (CCLA) told the committee the wording probably renders the entire 29 sections useless. CCLA President Walter Tremper notes that a judge might find that "a parliamentary system is based on parliamentary supremacy—the power to pass any law at all." Maynard and Tanenbaum, a judge might well decide that the section is unconstitutional or a legislative measure it is "generally acceptable"—as was the internment of Japanese-Canadians during the Second World War. That being so, the charter would not protect citizens' even against unjust laws that clearly breach the charter's other terms. If that and other flaws aren't fixed, said the CCLA, Canada is better off without the charter.

Government lawyers differ on whether Section 1 was intended to provide parliamentary supremacy. Deputy Justice Minister Roger Taschereau justified the wording "was deliberate, to refer to the concept of parliamentary sovereignty and not the general concept." The minister, however, works closely with Justice Minister Jean Chretien, privately doubts that the clause would leave Parliament supreme. He acknowledges, however, that it was drafted to assure several programs exposed to shifting power from Parliament and legislatures to the courts.

Among other complaints brought by various groups, the Canadian Jewish Congress wanted to ensure that war criminals



Edward Black: "We're not going to have anybody to look after them"—JOHN MAY

"David" or "Sahib" or "Bashid" was intended to pay \$5,000 and serve one year in jail for "desecrating the Dead." The name of two dead people. His offence will obviously be much, for Black, now 44, had been in prison through most of his working years in government circles. He carries less than 100,000 in savings, plus an annuity, government department teaching jobs at Carleton University and membership in the Parliamentary Press Gallery. He had worked in Waterstones and Jean-Pierre Goyer's office for a year in the interregnum early 1970s, where reporters found him a good source of information about the minority community in Ottawa—though some worried he might be a spy himself.

When the interregnum at Black's home on June 16, 1976, he had lost postal change-of-address notices by mail



John May: "We're not going to have anybody to look after them"—JOHN MAY

## Ontario

### Five men with a single face

**W**hen Ben etc. detection entered Blairstown Beach Ontario home on May 28, 1979, their eyes were caught by a bus pass with Black's photo on it, but not Edward Black's name. Then they came across a letter of introduction signed by H.L. Labouisse, an assistant deputy minister of labour. It had Black's photo pasted on it but introduced Edward Black as a man who was writing the history of the department, who was to be given a special gold file. The letter was a document of unemployment insurance minister's weak defences against fraud. Although Black was to be seen later in court firmly refused, Black then went to the office of the manager manager with the exposé and a plaque for the money owing to CUC, but the judge he saw wouldn't accept the cheque and the "exposé" got lost in a flood of ministerial paper work. Undeterred, Black set about establishing himself as an "investigative journalist,"

that suggested Black now lived in Blairstown and home in the South Pacific. As far as his motivation, he had gone to Canadian Press to tell his story and tried to get him to say that in January 1978, he and an artful Black had written an exposé of the unemployment insurance minister's weak defences against fraud. Although Black was to be seen later in court firmly refused, Black then went to the office of the manager manager with the exposé and a plaque for the money owing to CUC, but the judge he saw wouldn't accept the cheque and the "exposé" got lost in a flood of ministerial paper work. Undeterred, Black set about establishing himself as an "investigative journalist,"

writing articles for Canadian Business, Broadcast and Saturday Night (one, on federal issues, is to appear in Saturday Night's December issue).

To get a temporary membership in the Parliamentary Press Gallery, he did a research paper on whether sexism is a problem for female reporters. He introduced himself to some women reporters as a result of former Conrad Black, who denies any relationship.

At his trial, Black testified that it is the media that you have to sue if you're going to sue. He was a Liberal Member (MLC), another piece of identification (a has past, for example) and a work termination slip. He went into a government office and got 500 cards for the fictional Ethan and Bradley, then put them on the payroll of his company, Chancery Ltd., had them off and collected the last. He had presumably given them the kinds of background the system never checks on—in effect, giving back for a teaching job—because it regards such people as unemployable. He fled bravely reports on their job losses to satisfy the system. When the rules were tightened in 1975, requiring presentation of a birth certificate to get a job, he had to do it again, and so on. He had to do it again to get a seat of Lat and Davis (both of whom had died in early childhood) from old newspaper files and applied for their birth certificates.

The prosecutor's cross-examination destroyed Black, even raising doubts about the several university degrees he claimed. And when the court heard Black had personally claimed 122 weeks of unemployment insurance during the 1970s, laying himself off twice from his own employer, the prosecutor asked him, why? "There wasn't any work," he replied gloomily. Black even offered the prosecutor a cheque for \$3600, the full amount he had collected under the four rules. Then he got back into the media-personality, had all those together—and it was too late.

—BRENNA CAMPBELL

## British Columbia

### At war with the mushroom pickers

**D**ark, one day after a hard rainfall in Vancouver's unusually middle-class Dunbar district, on a path bordered a young man who was on his knees, one green-stained hand plucked high with mushroom. "See the ring on the stem?" And with the comment of "when I tear the cap apart?" It was a lesson in picking *Psilocybe*, the ubiquitous "magic mushroom" which, if Ottawa has its way, will again be illegal for Canadians



Magic mushrooms, pickers near Langley, B.C. If you don't mind psilocybin, here's

zis off his land on a single day, warmer still, the confrontation will worsen. "Kicks out of those guys or one of 'em will lose their cool and something will happen."

What won't happen is the reintroduction of a federal government law against magic mushroom possession. Last December, the B.C. Court of Appeal ruled that having the mushroom in its natural state is not an offence under the Food and Drug Act, and appeal courts in Alberta and Saskatchewan have since agreed. The only case currently to be heard by the Alberta appellate court—concerns possession of *Psilocybe* that was reduced to powder and then packaged.

The mushroom season now runs from late August to the first frost or snowfall, which usually drops after October and then seems to create weird hallucinations. The active alkaloid in the fungus can also cause mood changes, poor co-ordination, vertigo, drowsiness and occasional private episodes. "The more severe reactions are like the 'trip experience,'" says pharmacist Gillian Willis of the B.C. Drug and Poison Information Centre. "They get psychotic, delusional, paranoid and often require psychiatric follow-up."

The dangers fail to dissuade the persistent pickers in the Courtenay area, where Dister Dobersztyn claims to have been at social twice by leaf-watching pickers (he has made citizen's arrests of more than 10 trespassers, holding most of them to the ground). And with the B.C. Forest Minister of the year's B.C. Ministry of the Environment, Dobersztyn's concern about potential violence: "It's becoming very unusual. And when emotions are come involved, all hell breaks loose."

—PAUL GARRISON

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The academics rallied that they didn't care what the students saw, what the recruiting philosophy was, as long as it didn't affect their funds. I was naive enough to think that what we Canadians could learn from the mistakes of our peers was...

As the students wrestled with the problem of under-and-over-the-table relationships, the committee realized that university athletics must be marketed better to attract the general public, that support from student investors and that the crisis is real. As Bill Fraser says, "The bottom of the barrel is close."

With files from *Global Politics in Fredericton*

## Fighting a champ and a dark legacy

**T**he dark legacy of the "sweet-sweet" was the ring fight between Hart and Gloucester Hart of Birkirkara, Quebec, last Saturday. That it was the fight of his career, as he shot at the World Boxing Association (WBA) junior welterweight title against champion Aaron Pryor, was overshadowed by two bouts earlier this year.

On May 7 Montreal, Hart defended his Canadian lightweight title against heavyweight Ralph Hascup. Not previously known as a hard puncher, at 64

## Salute to a legend: Major Conn Smythe

**H**e was frisky, garrulous, stubborn. He fought a hundred battles and his adversary would ever break him and when he died last week he was remembered by thousands of deaf and crippled children he had worked as hand for, and by all those across the country with a soft spot for hockey, horse racing and "the little guy."

Conn Smythe, the man who founded the Toronto Maple Leaf empire, was 86. A native of Toronto, he attended Upper Canada College, and while obtaining his degree in engineering from the University of Toronto (1900) was a player for the Ontario Hockey Association championships. He later coached the U of T team to two Allan Cups and a world championship.

The Major, as he was known, founded his financial dynasty in the sand and gravel business. In 1911, an Depression gripped the world. Smythe invested \$15,000 to build Maple Leaf Gardens (taking workers to accept shares rather than cash), creating the shrines of hockey to generations of Canadians. Before relin-



**Aaron Pryor** (left) and by Pyror: the ring

quit, Smythe had won only 16 by knockout. But Hart knocked out Evans, who laid his corner and underwent brain surgery. After a long convalescence, Evans remains partially paralysed. Then on June 30, again in Montreal, Hart knocked out Cleveland Denny of Guyana in the 14th round. Denny had surgery, but died 17 days later. It was the ninth losing death in Canada in 47 years, but the tenth in North America in 14.

Boxing purists contend that the purse is "the easiest set of self-deliefs" but since 1962, 460 boxers have been unable to defend their lives in the ring. The death of Denny prompted a federal task force investigation of boxing in Canada and a *Toronto Star* magazine article implying that Hart's hands were illegally wrapped for the fight. The death of Willie Clanton in a bout in New York

Pryor wrapped and sealed the ring in exaggerated postures of the ring's greatest showman, Muhammad Ali. He remained by waving his right hand, turned his back on Hart, shuffled without drawing punches—but when he did he landed them with such accuracy, fury in the second round, he knocked Hart down. The 35-year-old jumped back up, only to be felled again by an overhand right. Again Hart got up quickly, but it was evident that his only hope of winning the title was that the underhanded Pryor would tire himself out.

Before the fight, Pryor said that it would end between the first and ninth rounds. Though Hart survived the third and fourth, Pryor landed heavy right hands and body punches in both and in the fourth, essentially, had stung Pryor, with a severe blow to the nose, causing Pryor to suddenly stagger and drop to the ice. In the second round he knocked Hart down. The 35-year-old jumped back up, only to be felled again by an overhand right. Again Hart got up quickly, but it was evident that his only hope of winning the title was that the underhanded Pryor would tire himself out.

Pryor's dream of a world title was over, but his part in the dark legacy will not soon be forgotten.

—H.Q.



**Smythe in the ring and on the ice**

Although no one has as yet suggested that the words of the Swedish national anthem be sung to the strains of the Swedish rock group ABBA's hit single "Fernando," it has written the realm of pop culture. Since writing the scenario for *Private Contact* before a worldwide TV audience of a half-billion in 1984, the quartet has expanded the word "impossible" from its vocabulary and become a national treasure. By the end of this month, the four may also qualify as a sort of esteemed treasurers, as piles of clinking kroner accumulate in their Stockholm bank from more than 100,000 Canadian advance sales of their post-revived album *Super Trouper*. Around by the memory of distant beginnings, Björn Ulvaeus (the first 'W' in ABBA) says, "We came out of nowhere. None of us had ever had a decent job in our lives."



ABBA: clinking kroner pile up in the bank, and "impossible" just isn't word

In the tradition of *The Nothing Book* (hard-cover with blank pages) and the *Pet Rock* (just lie there and look cool), comes *Robot Horse*, a full-sized track-meet-the-robot book, designed by a mother and son team from Vancouver. "Search of the month these days is a robot," explains Diane McGuigan, who is marketing the first creation of her 25-year-old son, Campbell, a novelty store tycoon. For \$4.95, the McGougans guarantee 40 minutes of total chaos, which "will not pollute the air or your mind, can be understood in any language and will not discourage burglars but could confuse them." The McGougans claim their idea was not reinvented by the classic collector's record of *Robot Horse* (1966) and its sequel. "It all came about because we're a nutty family," says mother McGuigan.



Campbell McGuigan: super hero of novelty store

darkly comic." Thatcher's pseudo-experts are a regular feature in the satirical magazine *Private Eye*, where they are personified as *Anna Waits* and *Richard Ingrams*. There has been no official reaction from 10 Downing Street, but friends report that Mr. Thatcher is amused.

A street Parker Morris is said to be becoming about the liberian alt.-TV. He has taken in the film adaptation of his novel *A Whore for the Killing*, and actor David Parry, who plays an expert layabout who helps solve the tragic main, admits that the novel has been "not fairly lovely." Morris can take some solace in the knowledge that the three-hundred-million-dollar-plus deal the production company some hard-

ly-earns, shift workers and drivers in southern Ontario have a new late-night hero, *Check the Security Guard*. Check is the night watchman at Toronto's multi-level, 37-storey, Channel 47. When everyone else at 47V has gone home, Check supposedly sneaks into a studio and broadcasts a wacky mix of *Georgia Peach* movies, *Car 44*, *Where Are You?* reruns and *Cartoon Network* Check, who is actually performer-writer Greg Lowther, has based himself as master superhero-comics for his club and T-shirts. "Check is the ultimate comic book. Anyone can be a security guard. That's what makes Check so accessible," explains Lowther, whose ratings show more than a million late-night viewers. Among these late-night fixtures are a host of security guards in *Office Park*, *Office Park* and *Check the Mat*. William doesn't care much when he arrives two of his Toronto-Dominion G-1000 guards are snarling, chafing with Check by video. William called the company security firm and demanded the pair be reprimanded. The next day they told Check, "I asked our visitors to call the police," at his office and ask him nicely not to fire the guards," says Lowther, who sparked a steady stream of police protests to William. "By noon the following day, the were had apologized and the guards' jobs were secured."

No one is surprised that a book called *Dear Bill* has been selling out in London this fall. It's a collection of letters personally written by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's husband, Denis, to a mysterious galloping book. The book, Lady Thatcher is simply referred to as "M" or "Mrs. Thatcher." Mr. Thatcher doesn't write letters describing his affection for books. In fact, his letters never comment on books and high-placed political personalities with plenty of manic rages at him with cabinet colleagues. "That *Carte Blanche* gives me the heebie-jeebies," writes Thatcher. "Fancy walking around in public holding hands with his wife at his age!" A funeral visit to the Queen is described as "going to Rock House for a stand-up show." On an Africa trip he confesses that "I've never had such time for our

I take the faith of Dorothy to go from a reception desk in Hotel Queen to filling the stockings of Judy Garland on the cabaret circuit." The whole thing has a kind of a *Madame Bovary* feel to it. Toronto's 36, who left Hollywood with a rock band seven years ago and ended up hosting the Halifax CBC variety series *Caravan*. "I was so tired of people only letting me I could do the Judy Garland Show." The cash-off idea struck Montreal playwright Paul Landau, who put Garland's weight and other problems together with a full set of songs to create *Terminator*, one-woman show *Judy* while after two successful runs in Halifax, is going on the road. "I think I can identify with her but I'm not Garland," says Toronto. "She was at the stage at the age of 32 and I never thought of singing till I was 20."

Terminator: following the yellow brick road



"I hate utility companies as much as anyone, everyone knows they're horrid and corrupt," says actress Barbara Adams, who is immersed in a *Terminator* tour. "I'm a regular in the film *Private Eye*," says Adams, who is totally nonchalant about slacking down every utility in the city. For her police women role, Adams donned to spend a few days with New York City detectives. "These were really hard-



Adams and Adams: handle over utilities (above) and *Terminator* (left), following the lead of her *Strudelover*, the amateur mezzo will still play their parts



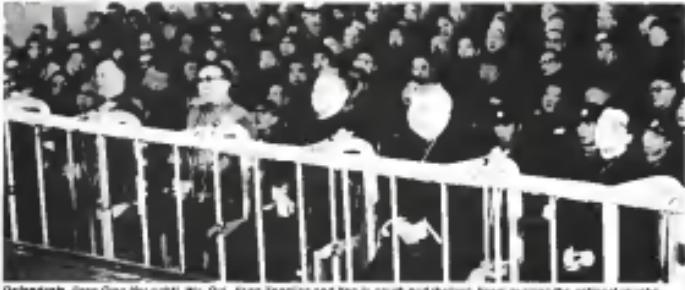
named girls," says Adams. "Just when I told them the plot of the show, they thought it was great. They said, 'God, if we heard of someone trying to do something like that, we'd help him out!'"

The whole *Monty Python* crew may have shown up (singer/songwriter Terry Gilliam, although only for lunch) to endow their own *Strudelover* with Glenda Weinstock, but the final act is now low-key with the Pythons the main reason to be heralded as "unforgettable product" by BellSouth's independent Television Commercial Association. As a result, advertising for *Monty Python's Contractual Obligation Album*, which features such selections as *Desecrating Cuckoos*, *Muddy Knees* and *Medieval Love Song*, has been banned from British airwaves—a status formerly reserved for eighties football pools and funeral parlors.

—EDITED BY MARGARET BOYDEN

## Curtains for a leading lady

*Mao's widow and nine other leaders from the Cultural Revolution go on trial*



Defendants Jiang Qing He right Wu, Guo Jiang, Kequiao and Peo in court and (below) Jiang, paying the national psyche

By Po Lin  
**T**he process entered the limelight courtroom with the pass of massacre. There was nothing about her dandified demeanor, despite the two pistol-packing security officials at her side, to betray the fact that Jiang Qing, widow of Mao Tse-tung, China's Great Helmsman, last week was true for her life. She struts slowly and deliberately, in a manner of her own, not so much in a glowering as in a suppressed pocket into the public galleries or the cameras whirring to one side of her. Then, taking her place beside the new other defendant, Jiang Rui, in measures as the president of the Special Court, Jiang Rui, need a 20,000-word indictment condemning the 39—three of them, including Jiang, members of the new aristocracy, Gang of Four—for their services as top officials during the tumultuous years of the Cultural Revolution from 1966 to 1976.

Thus began the trial that Chinese authorities have described as the most important since the founding of the People's Republic in 1949. But, more than anything, the high-level intrigues and bold plots revealed in the indictment read like a bawdy afterword, if true, gave shading glasses were the furtive plotting and violence used or condoned by those competing for power in the world's most populous nation. The crimes of the 19 were said to include



including large-scale purges which claimed 34,234 people persecuted another 27,480 and diagnosed 455 leaders attempting to overthrow Mao, and arriving more than 30,000 militiamen in preparation for an anticipated rebellion in January 1959. Jiang Zemin, a former member of the gang, purged before his marriage to Jiang Jing, the widow of the Gang's predecessor Zhang Guohua, Sichuan literary critic Tzu Wei-ping, 65, and Sichuan factory worker Wang Hong-wei, 44, who skyrocketed in the post of vice-chairman of the Communist party under Mao—were charged with overall responsibility for the crisis. The other defendants, Chen Boda, Mao's ideologue

anal, interpreter, and five military leaders—Zhang Yanpan, Wu Faxian, Li Zaogong, Qiu Shiluan and Liang Yung—were accused of helping the late minister-defender, Lin Biao, in an attempt to overthrow Mao in 1959. The plot allegedly planned to attack Mao's brig with bombers, 45 mm howitzers, flame-throwers, and explosives as it travelled to Shanghai. If that spectacular attack failed, an assassin was ordered to finish off Mao and if he, too, were unsuccessful, the plotter, it was alleged, had arranged to set up a rival government in Guangzhou and with Soviet help to march on Peking.

Chinese authorities were at pains to stress the legal aspects of the trial, saying that China was now entering a new era when law, rather than the will of one man, was all-powerful. Zhang Yuxu, a legal expert and deputy director of the legal committee of the National Congress, went to great lengths to explain to reporters why the detainees could be tried for past offences under a criminal law that came into effect only that year.

The new law was more lenient, he said. But observers noted that article 101 provided the death penalty for "especially heinous" crimes, and they also pointed to a phrase in the indictment that said the defendants had "been found guilty." Indeed there was some surprise, when Wang formally pleaded guilty after the trial had begun.

that his subordinates did not join him in doing so.

However, despite the disclaimers of the Chinese legal authorities, it was clear the Gang of Four leaders were no mere political or criminal persons. While diametrically opposed in their implications—Mao—whose name, although it is shared in history of late, is still revered by the vast majority of Chinese people—was the purest of political leaders; and the Deputy Premier Deng Xiaoping, clearly now the leading spokesman in a process of passing the national psyche of the horrors of the Cultural Revolution.

To complete the "court," however, they had used of seagulls, and as the trial adjourned at week's end to be resumed this week at separate hearings—before a military tribunal in the case of the "Lia Bao Shigao" and before civilian judges in that of the "Gang of Fear"—few in Peking were optimistic about the dim-witted leaders' prospects. □

**NATO**

## The ever-widening Atlantic link

They stood together before the flag in the Oval Office, the German Chancellor, Helmut Schmidt, and the man-hawk president, Jimmy Carter. The chancellor stood correctly, hands behind his back, sober, cautious, a prudent healer. "This chance for you to come over here now is very helpful," the president said. "Although sometimes the emphasis is on the differences between us, the important thing is the vast, enormous resemblance that we share." Jimmy Carter had been a good, simple manager, the chancellor was saying a majority said. He stayed for lunch, attended some post-luncheon parties for the television cameras and then went off to see the new captain of the American ship, Ronald Reagan.

The agenda of that meeting—the real purpose of his Washington visit last week—was not disclosed, but there exists doubt it addressed what many consider to be a problem of growing importance in America's relations with the European allies. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the uncertainty of oil flow from the Persian Gulf, the apparent collapse of SAUDI, events have altered perceptions on both sides of the Atlantic. Inspected under lights, "the east, man-on-a-mission commitments that we share" are not so vast, hardly common and increasingly erratic.



A *Perseus* missile being launched; Statement (below left) awaiting with Carter: perfunctory platters for the cameras

One current difficulty is the plug-in by the *new* *right* administration to boost the economy by these *new* tax incentives. The finance minister's response to steady Soviet military buildup through the 1970s, *Europe's* assessment, struck by the *extensiveness* of inflation, was now inching very near the three-per-cent target, particularly where it meant slashing popular *social* *benefits* programs. This careful restraint has caused concern among defense ministers. Says one top Pentagon official: "As the US gets up for *per cent* and *Europeans* cut back to one or two *per cent*, we're going to be in for a bad *year* holding the alliance together."

The Europeans in general and the West Germans in particular are less concerned about an arbitrary three-year figure than about the demands the SALT talks and the negotiations will impose on the Soviet Union. Sixty-five per cent of West Germany's trade is with Warsaw pact nations, and their clients are a daily reality which may be disregarded by Reagan's strong intent to restore U.S. nuclear parity.

Chancellor Schmidt is no doubt anxious to see which route Ronald Reagan will follow, whether he will pressure the unions to honor deployment schedules, new rates and Prolonged 3 missiles to accept, will never judge in the clear-cut areas, or whether he will offer (as previous Republican advisors seem to have) a more moderate course, (including improvement in NATO's conventional forces. Notes Michael Adelman, Professor at George Washington University: "Much depends on the nature of key cabinet advisers and on



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gements at the subsoil level."

Fearing Soviet infiltration, some conservative Republicans believe that Europe's "defenders" with Moscow moves to discredit "Pacification" is a conservative's best hope. In view, Krivits, in which the economic and foreign policies of Western Europe are made congruent with Soviet inter-

ests." Unless NATO is prepared to match Warsaw's pace in conventional weapons, Krivits contends, Europe will drift inexorably into the Soviet sphere of influence. The West Germans, among other Soviets, believe, rejects this theory, insisting that closer trade and diplomacy will be the better generators of peace. "Oursel-

ves," says former congressional defense analyst Fred Kaplan, "is still a very tangible thing over there."

So, of course, are nuclear weapons, and neither the Germans, the Belgians nor the Dutch are especially anxious to have them. But then Robert Prenger, a former analyst at the American Enterprise Institute and a defense adviser to John Anderson's presidential campaign, observes that Amtracs emphasize an alliance nuclear weapons margins to the Europeans that the U.S. wants the war to take place in Europe. "I don't think there's anything wrong with Russia not living up to the three-per cent commitment," Prenger says, "as long as the U.S. does. Insisting on three per cent simply robs their forth to us."

The alliance faces other problems as well—conflicting views on the Middle East and growing competition for trade in the Third World. And despite the names above the door, the West German foreign policy, both Chancellor Schmidt and Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher know that. West Germany's foreign policy can never be completely independent as long as it depends on American defense policy. The solutions to these questions were well beyond the purview of Schmidt's Washington visit, he came to gain some indications of the direction the Reagan administration intends to travel. Time alone will tell what becomes of his way.

—RICHARD POSTER

Post, 55, is from *Peter Lewis* in Brussels

## Right Stuff, but not enough

**T**HE Flamingo and Barrier jumps came out, in law make-be-gets been, runs over the white sand. Some anthropomorphic armoured carriers, weighing 100 tons each, rammed each other, causing 20 United States warships, surged ashore and thundered inland. Then, eight helocopters swoop in the South China Sea, amid shimmering mangroves and karmambane prairie waters, five transports laden with green giant helicopters rose from the steel deck sight of the 60,000-ton U.S.S. *Tuscaloosa* and headed with their Cobras gunnery experts to split assault teams at a previously unscouted fire base ashore.

"Victor 322," the longest U.S. assault exercise since the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, and another of the Pukapukas' island of Mindoro. Comparing a 10-day task force from the U.S. Seventh Fleet, a mobilized assault by 5,000 marines, the scale and timing of last week's manoeuvres were calculated to address significant messages to significant people. This first official operation under the much-fattered fiscal 1981 defense budget was a strong bid to the politicians back home of what could be achieved with the new specialised ships, of which the *Tuscaloosa* would fit

more. To friends and potential adversaries from the Persian Gulf to the western Pacific, it was a fairly sensible plan of muscle-flexing. Asked if he thought Valiant Shield would distract the enemy, Marine Col. Edward Leesey replied: "We like to think so."

He generally accepted that, for the moment, the U.S. Navy can outstretch the Chinese in warships. He dropped his semi-official cover story that the Chinese had 20 similar numbers, and even that Soviet advantage disappears if you add in other Western strength. However, the Chinese are coming up with more Right Stuff of their own to match the U.S.A.'s six-pip jets, 30 helicopters and 1,700-strong marine battalions. The carrier *Minsk*, based on Vietnam's Cam Ranh Bay, houses sophisticated weaponry, and the scheduled deployment in Japanese waters of a 34,000-ton Soviet missile cruiser, twice the size of the U.S. assaultants, is sending shivers down Tokyo's spine.

Where the U.S. gets a disadvantage is in its ability to react on land. The region covered by Valiant Shield's marines includes the Paracel Gulf and their conclusion there could prove a short, unhappy experience. One American estimate is that, merely to delay a Soviet push to the gulf west of an army division and a brigade of marines—almost exactly the number of leerkwackers who will constitute their war games on Mindoro this week

—RICHARD VORLEY

## Softly, in the Fisherman's Shoes

**N**obody's going to a right-rope when Pope John Paul II visited West Germany last week. But hardly a moment passed during the pontiff's sojourn in the land of Luther when he did not appear to be walking on ice. For his seventh papal tour since mounting St Peter's throne two years ago, John Paul has been putting against a strong background of fear and antipathy. It has been found that his visit to the heartland of the Reformation was fuel for fresh bitterness between Catholics and Protestants who still feel it may, some 450 years after Martin Luther's break from Rome, to settle one another. There was also some grumbling over the \$1.5 million it is thought to have cost to host the Pope for five days. Even one of John Paul's favorite saints, a 16th-century philosopher named St. Albert the Great, had been quoted in what looked like an attempt to bluster the Pope by

association. Albert, declared a Servite friar in the 13th century, had been an infamous woman-hater.

As it turned out, however, such pronouncements failed to upset the Pope as he moved from Cologne to Munich by way of the ancient Lutheran hamlet of Mainz, before arriving at the 600-year-old Marienberg Fortress to a 100,000-strong crowd who had gathered with enthusiasm and simplicity, while meeting the truly awkward conditions—such as the League of German Catholic Youth whose unapologetic public complaint about the church's stand on sex—

—



The Pope in his glass-enclosed Mercedes, a clear admission of Rome's gall

with slaves. The Pope also issued Post-emptive complaints that his visit in a country where the Christian population was split almost evenly was hardly an ecclesiastical event. "We want to send to each other our gift, all have a seat," he told Bishop Edward Lobeck, chairman of the Evangelical Church, in a clear admission of Rome's gall.

On Wednesday night the offices of Solidarnosc, the Workers' Solidarnosc, and both Kisa and Zoska, a few weeks ago, Giscard had it that he escaped from the Kisa group in his native Poitou, another that he was born out of, as his erstwhile colleagues saw it, collaborating with the "enemy." Now he is an splendid oasis among the hard-line Communists in the government, with special responsibility for family and social affairs.

On Friday another voice-prancer, Andrei Wajda, last parliament's Solidarnosc, had given notice that his countrymen's march planned a warning strike on Monday over pay problems and a general strike later if talks did not open at once. On Saturday the same, while the Pope was in the eastern town of Katowice, Solidarnosc had a strike with 100,000 participants, but probably seemed other than spurious. "The Pope's visit is a clear admission of a member of Solidarnosc's right to strike," said the Pope's spokesman, who added that further wage concessions would break the country and curbed the use of abusing the right to strike.

—

PETER LEWIS

## Poland

### Thermometer rising

**I**t was yet another week of bristling. Solidarnosc's new leaders stood off Warsaw after strike with suspension after suspension. But at week's end, the country was still holding its breath. A strike threat, this time from the railwaymen, for a time raised the possibility of the paralysis of their strategic transportation network, a technical threat to the security of "our friends over there," as Poles refer to their Warsaw pact neighbours.

The diary of despair began on Sunday, Nov. 17, when, after an 11-day sit-in at the district council office in Gdansk, shipyard workers set a Monday deadline for a strike if the government refused to meet the demands of the health service workers. The threat sufficed and a dual union strike immediately then came after the threat from Coalminers' Federation to the south, whose new free trade union, Solidarnosc, demanded the head of the coal miners' union, Miroslaw Wierszak. When Wierszak tendered his resignation, the government at first refused to accept it. But one more thanp on the strike drum and he was gone.

In Warsaw, the local Communist party's first secretary had been deposed. On Tuesday, his successor's name, Stanislaw Kossakowski, was announced. Within hours, party headquarters received a telegram of protest complaints that his visit in a country where the Christian population was split almost evenly was hardly an ecclesiastical event. "We want to send to each other our gift, all have a seat," he told Bishop Edward Lobeck, chairman of the Evangelical Church, in a clear admission of Rome's gall.

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On Friday another voice-prancer, Andrei Wajda, last parliament's Solidarnosc, had given notice that his countrymen's march planned a warning strike on Monday over pay problems and a general strike later if talks did not open at once. On Saturday the same, while the Pope was in the eastern town of Katowice, Solidarnosc had a strike with 100,000 participants, but probably seemed other than spurious. "The Pope's visit is a clear admission of a member of Solidarnosc's right to strike," said the Pope's spokesman, who added that further wage concessions would break the country and curbed the use of abusing the right to strike.

—

ROBERT MACHINIAN



party member as one of the country's most notorious vice-premiers. It was the first time that had happened in post-war Poland. The man in question was Jozef Gajewski, a Roman Catholic layman and member of parliament representing Szczecin, the more progressive of the strategic port cities in the west. Gajewski had a friend in the Solidarnosc leadership. Gajewski's appointment was the result of back-patients between First Secretary Stanislaw Kania and the priests of Pełczew, Szczecin's Cardinal Wyszyński, on how the church could help revive the battered Communist party's credibility. Both Wyszyński and Gajewski had been dispatched to Rome for talks with Pope John Paul before his visit to West Germany (see page 41).

Lech had been under fire for years because of its strong connections with local dissidents, with Kisa, the powerful club of Roman Catholic misfits, and with underground publications that those who thought a semi-socialist had infiltrated the government were in fact a disloyal, disloyal, disloyal. When Wierszak tendered his resignation, the government at first refused to accept it. But one more thanp on the strike drum and he was gone. In Warsaw, the local Communist party's first secretary had been deposed. On Tuesday, his successor's name, Stanislaw Kossakowski, was announced. Within hours, party headquarters received a telegram of protest complaints that his visit in a country where the Christian population was split almost evenly was hardly an ecclesiastical event. "We want to send to each other our gift, all have a seat," he told Bishop Edward Lobeck, chairman of the Evangelical Church, in a clear admission of Rome's gall.

—

PETER LEWIS

# The CIA comes in from the cold

*A once-discredited agency prepares to flex its muscles again*



Casey (left) and Turner: more freedom of action and less accountability

In a small, 113-year-old brick townhouse on Washington's Lafayette Square, a few hundred metres from the Oval Office, President-elect Ronald Reagan last week took the first step in returning to the once-discredited CIA much of its former power. Privately but firmly, he told the agency's director for the past four years, Admiral Stansfield Turner, that he will require his own men to use their authority to the hilt to make things happen.

That man, nearly everyone in official Washington was prepared to bet last week, will be 40-year-old George H.W. Bush, holder of enormous financial portfolios in the Nixon and Ford years, and Reagan's campaign manager since February. A few other names were also mentioned—the conservative Democratic Senator Harry (Scoop) Jackson, National Security Agency chief Admiral R.R. Isaacs and Lawrence Sibleman, who began work as the transfixer at the CIA last week. But none was considered to have much

of a chance against Casey, who earned widespread respect in the Second World War as US chief of secret intelligence based in London. In this capacity, he oversaw the successful penetration of Nazi Germany by Soviet agents.

It is precisely this experience of clandestine work that commands Casey to Reagan and his vice-president-elect, George Bush, himself a former CIA director. Reagan has been concerned by a study drawn up last year by Richard V. Allen, his senior foreign affairs adviser, that the agency should be restructured and that the restructuring should place particular emphasis on intelligence gathering and other secret activity.

These have declined dramatically since the height of the Vietnam War. While the CIA staff peaked at about 26,000,

the number of agents has fallen from between 8,000 and 9,000 to, it is thought, about 6,000 effective.

Allen's plan provides for the appointment of a director of national intelligence who will control the budgets for

the CIA, National Security Agency, Defense Intelligence Agency and the State Department Intelligence Agency. The express goal, a new appointment, would collate the information from all the agencies to provide the president with analysis. The CIA itself would be divided into two new and autonomous "intelligence services" that would be encouraged greatly to increase espionage abroad, and another branch that would mostly process intelligence information.

The scheme has strong support, not only from Reagan and Bush, but also from Republican lawmakers, which goes well for its imminent passage through Congress. Senator intelligence committee member Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming said last week he hoped the president-elect would take a "very serious look" at the idea of a clandestine agency. "We need it," he added.

In essence, Allen's proposals are similar to those made in a study commissioned by Ford at the urging of Bush,

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than CIA director. The Ford study recommended the appointment as head of clandestine operations of Wilber Shadley, who was then running the CIA's Latin American service. Shadley, now 52, has since retired. But sources indicated last week that Bush is pressing for his return to take up the appointment originally intended for him. He may not, however, be chosen. David Abbot, a spokesman of the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS), said last week that "it is to be hoped that national security is not to look for follow-cam number Ray Cline, deputy director of the CIA from 1968 to 1980."

Whoever is appointed will probably have more freedom of action and less congressional accountability than any CIA boss since Richard Helms, who directed the agency when it ran secret arms abroad, controlled an analysis, overthrew governments and attempted the assassinations of unfriendly foreign leaders. During the Carter years, Republican senators were uncompromising in their attempts to pass bills freezing the President of Information Act, making it a crime for anyone to reveal the names of CIA agents. The CIA was then run under which U.S. intelligence agencies may operate. With a Reagan administration and a Republican Senate, they should now have no such problems.

—WILLIAM LOWTHREE

## Supping at the tables of power

Ronald and Nancy Reagan looked more than a little tired. One reason: their four-day official visit to Washington, preceded by a week's visit with the First Family. They had stopped from their business outside the White House clearly expecting to be greeted by their hosts. Everyone else seemed to be there the media, in full regalia, the Secret Service and, about two dozen White House staffers, who had slipped from their offices for a quick nap at the president's side. But where were the Carters?

The Reagans waved and smiled for the cameras. Then they turned, took a step, paused, took a second, afraid for a moment that they had somehow missed the president, and finally marched beneath the canopy toward the West Wing. No answer had been reached in the final hours over whether the First Family's luggage would be handled by the president's personal or permanent Democrats. It was the sort of behavior that can give confidence to the press, presenting that he was right on time.

During a week of ardent courting of official and unofficial Washington, Reagan's early arrival when Nancy was the newest thing to a doo-rag (that he made, indeed, his four-day visit to the



President-elect Reagan (above, right) and wife, Nancy, meet with the Carters (below). Reagan center, with Senate majority leader Robert Byrd and George Bush, clearly smiling before the juries begin sharpening their knives.



capital, his first week, the New Yorkers were more than a passing curiosity. One reason: the four-day official visit to Washington, preceded by a week's visit with the First Family. They had stopped from their business outside the White House clearly expecting to be greeted by their hosts. Everyone else seemed to be there the media, in full regalia, the Secret Service and, about two dozen White House staffers, who had slipped from their offices for a quick nap at the president's side. But where were the Carters?

He didn't miss a trick. From his informal session with Carter—reported to have been cordial—so his series of meetings with congressional leaders to his ceremonial interview with right Supreme Court Justice Reagan pulled at the levers of federal authority. To a dinner he hosted at the city's Hotel Ely, Reagan and the family of William F. Buckley's widow joined conservative congressional Democrats. It was the sort of behavior that can give confidence to the press, presenting that he was right on time.

The gesture was all the more remarkable for its contrast with Jimmy Carter, whose relationship with Congress he made costly and ended near absolute zero, and who never cease to be regarded as part of the Washington scene. Reagan

may not either, but at least he was perceived as being an effort, adding to a perception that he may well want to draw from in the months ahead. Read Washington Mayor and staunch Democrat Marion Barry: "I didn't get to see Carter until after the inauguration."

He didn't miss a trick. From his informal session with Carter—reported to have been cordial—so his series of meetings with congressional leaders to his ceremonial interview with right Supreme Court Justice Reagan pulled at the levers of federal authority. To a dinner he hosted at the city's Hotel Ely, Reagan and the family of William F. Buckley's widow joined conservative congressional Democrats. It was the sort of behavior that can give confidence to the press, presenting that he was right on time.

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—MICHAEL POWERS

## BUSINESS

# Wise to the words

*AES conquers world markets for word processors*



By David Thomas

Increasingly, the woodpecker's task took of busy offices is giving way to a soft chattering as electronic typewriters become the latest iteration of word processing. With the main share—by far of the old-fashioned typewriter, the computer and the video screen—comes a new and purposeful vocabulary. Secretaries no longer merely type, instead, word processing operators input, decide between work stations and the simple idea of connecting a word processor to a computer becomes an "interface with main frames supporting interoperable communication."

Whatever the damage to language, eyesight and health the human audience may inflict, Canada enjoys a solid competitive position. Last year, sales of \$80.9 million were realized, up 16 percent of the world market—and since last year topped \$125 million. But the AES lead is fragile. AES recently introduced an expandable system, and the firm must keep up a frantic rate of expansion and innovation to survive.

President John Lang says the demand for word processors is growing at 15 percent a year, and will continue at that rate for the next five years. "Everyone's having a go at it." Furthermore, its two owners, the Canada Development Corporation (40 per cent) and Lantex Business Products Inc. of Ottawa, have the capital and the determination to sustain it.

### Another source

of revenue comes from export sales, but fortnight from the Federal government, Ottawa has promised \$22.5 million in aid to the automated office communications equipment industry and, more important, the use of its own efforts to test innovative machine programs—the critical software contained in disk—take the capabilities of the machine far beyond those of the typewriter.

Like most high-technology industries, AES must compete in the world market to survive. The firm's Montreal base, where most staff members are bilingual, has helped AES develop a multi-lingual capability. Programs and keyboards include two versions of both French and Spanish as well as vocabulary definitions in 150 other languages. In West Germany, it has created a package in Arabic. The South American market is the current preoccupation and, according to terminals division marketing director Pierre Deschamps, the company may serve a pre-emptive strike at Japan, which represents a major threat if it enters the market. "Maybe it's the way around it to go into Japan first. We're looking at it." At the same time, AES is defending its software, says Lang: "It's like the formula for Coke—we're guarding our source code very carefully."

The internal metric at AES is "one on every desk top." But before that happens, prices must drop dramatically from the \$1250 cost of the simplest system. Price & Pritchard are for small offices or being developed but, still, will cost more than \$5000 and, starting, says Lang, is 50 word-based confrontation with IBM by developing software packages that will give it a slice of the market as industry competition takes its toll. "There's going to be a bloodbath over the next 10 years," AES may not have every desk top covered by 1990, but, judging from its track record, it will be one of the survivors. □

## Cinema toast



The next time film producer Robert Coopier comes strutting around the country, he will almost certainly have trouble finding an audience. He has gone that route before, and he set out on the latest trip last week to make sure he can do it again. This time his purpose is to promote his new film, but what they look at television credibility they may make up in sheer persuasiveness. Coopier and his new partners—actors, economists and brokers—have just embarked on a new venture that will, they hope, lay the groundwork for a significant new thrust in Canadian film making. Rather than making one film at a time, they're creating the whole for many films—a permanent and, ultimately, they hope, shareable—census.



Chamberlain within the gangster and  
Bacardi world of Canadian movies

#### Big production company

As Toronto lawyer Michael Levine's one of the deal's orchestrators—admit, it's hardly a new idea, (Earlier this fall, a new company called Seven Arts burst on the Toronto-Montreal scene with a similar long-range plan). "So far, though," says Levine, "no one has been able yet to fully carry it off. Before we finally got Robert Cooper Productions ready to go, I'd had at least 10 discussions about raising money from the people in the right places about our idea. Long bottom line, the combination of three key elements, the Canadianism of the principle, the size of the pot, and the magnetism and cache of the players. Levine's law firm, for example, has been representing film people for more than 30 years. Underwriter Michael Harrison of Walwyn Boddy Gordan Murray has carried out a specialized knowledge of film projects rare among Canadian brokers, while Cooper himself, who gained a high profile as the original host of *Orchestrion*, an CBC TV, has already co-produced two profitable films, *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *Cover*.

Among them, along with Chairman Gideon Rosenthal, president of Canadian Growth Financial Services Ltd (with assets of \$250 million), the principals became involved in the "financing." By selling shares in the new company to the public, they hope to raise a total of \$100 million.

The funding is being watched closely within the gangster and Bacardi world of Canadian movies because it's seen as a

new direction for an industry that has traditionally looked from one production project to another, grabbing spot financing along the way whenever and wherever it could. The Cooper group hopes to put an end to that kind of chicanery by creating a full-time studio with full-time staff who will supervise the production of several features at once while also specifying development money to ensure a steady supply of future films. One already completed, *Bacardi*, stars Richard Chamberlain, while *Finagle* is in progress on *Orchestrion*, starring Robert Hays. The key distinction separating this group from the traditional studio moguls of Hollywood is that they don't see fit to build large film studios, an overblown problem frequently plaguing their large U.S. counterparts. Instead, they'll use the simple production facilities already in place around the country as a cost-cutting basis.

So far the group has more ideas than money. Cooper, though, says he can weather the film industry's way just carry the project off the ground. Then if he starts making movies that pass off Vancouver or Halifax as San Francisco or Boston, at least he'll have shareholders to answer to. □

## Stamp of approval

In the Library Room of the Palace Hotel, New York's latest shrine to opulence, the bidding was bidding in pitch. Finally, J.S. Salomon, a Canadian firm acting for a private Canadian collector, and the major words, \$112,000. The price do rebaato was a letter sent from New Brunswick to Hungary in 1853 bearing four 1-cent New Brunswick stamps with a value of 20 cents. The earliest collection of Canadian stamps sold last week in New York for \$750,000, far above estimate, the four New Brunswick stamps and their envelope had sold for only \$13,000 in 1989. According to a spokesman for the auctioneer, the London-based firm of Stanley Gibbons, which recently opened a New York office to meet on the collectors' mounting mania, stamps are seen to be a \$1.3-billion industry in the U.S. alone. The soaring values clearly reflect the current demand despite of terrible waste.

With the stamp market threatening to take a dive, silver and gold coins having proved somewhat fickle earlier in the year, the nervous investor is reaching for palpable possessions. In a study done by Robert Salomon, Jr., a New York investment analyst, stamps showed the highest



new Brunswick stamp: collectibles boom

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## For the record

Tom Waits

Heartattack  
And Vine

**HEARTATTACK AND VINE**  
Tom Waits  
(Rykodisc/WEA)

Our regrettably pop hogger, Tom Waits surrounds himself in smoky B-movie jazz blues, much of his clearest audience lost so much played as given off by his prose. Waits's voice is a growl drenched in bourbon, his whole head twisted to an

angle for means of observation of the passing parade of failed high rollers slinking unknowing into low-life dives. His songs are equal parts stream of consciousness, evocative Raymond Chandler and pure schlock, but the idea of Waits is that of a burned-out archetypal jazzman-post-modern notes on a wobbly bassoon. The appeal is just as wobbly, but Heartattack and Vine has its moments of need and an excellent cheap band to hold Waits's factory life together.

**THE BEST OF JOE TURNER**  
Joe Turner  
(Pablo/RCA)

Joe Turner is a legendary jazz-blues singer usually easier to find in reference books and liner notes than in record stores. He consolidated his powerful Delta-style Kansas City during the 1930s and then moved to New York City, where he proved to be a pivotal figure in the development of rhythm 'n' blues and early rock 'n' roll. All here in albums the supply gods, the electric ease and fire-toned energy. Producer Norman Granz has made the album out of recent sessions, despite the title, and provided Turner with a top-notch array of sidemen who glide into Turner's blues and stay there, aside from the

classical solos and silly fits. Before anyone tears open the shrink-wrap on Tom Waits's Heartattack and Vine, Turner's *The Lot*, The Lot should find its way to the recordable. This man's bassoon doesn't budge, except when he opens it around as he heads for the door, strutting.

**ABOUT 6**  
Kenny Wheeler  
(ECM/WEA)

Canadian trumpeter Kenny Wheeler has appeared in too many of the warts, classical-sounding voice on such new records as Ralph Towner's *Old Friends*, *New Friends* and as a hero, almost free-past-blower. *Around 6* presents him somewhere between. Paired with a hard-sax player, Brian Parker, and a bristling rhythm section without softening piano or guitar, Wheeler double-tracks on *Mr. W's Go Round* to beautify the effect, soloing exuberantly between, and short out and alternative settings with Parker on *Folies Déeses*. Tom Van Der Grint adds some sharpness to the lovely *Lost Words* and stately *Emerson*, but this is basically a cut for two horns. Wheeler demands close attention and offers much in return. *Around 6* is an excellent place to start listening. —BART TESTA

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—Bob Wiers, Supervisor, Mechanical Dealer Division

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# The state of the space odyssey

**B**ig business goes to war has become across the nation, suddenly revealing to audiences that Vancouver theatre is in much more than a schism over the needs of Toronto auteur Canadian Heath Lamberts, playwright Sheldon Oberfeld and Jacki Rose, and the Shaw Festival's artistic director Christopher Newton all performed their art in Vancouver—so why have they and so many others left? One reason is the lack of eastern Canada's film and television work, extensive and larger audiences. But an explosive farm is operating as well—Vancouver seats are skyrocketing and the number of potential theatre spaces is rapidly diminishing. Recently, all levels of government have responded to the problem by helping to establish two new theatres to



house four Vancouver companies, but this relative equilibrium may degenerate into chaos unless the future is looked into now.

Typical of these problems is the man-crisis at Ray Michell's City Stage. Originally a lunch-hour operation, City Stage expanded to a night-time schedule of innovative theatre but eventually found overused in Vancouver's overpopulated downtown too restrictive. Although Michell now has a winner in TheatreSports, a top-team improvisational competition, the prospects for pursuing his particular theatrical vision are slim. Also struck by space angst is the Vancouver Playhouse, currently residing in the downtown Queen Elizabeth Playhouse, a concrete monstrosity that is



Granville Island couple: Wootten (left), Michell, atop sloping red ink

the base of artistic director Roger Hudgess's existence. He has made it clear that an important factor in the renewal of his contract next summer will be a commitment to a new theatre, and Vancouver would be sorry to see him leave. Not only has he co-produced annual works with several smaller companies, commissioning scripts and



Caronnet & Weston to the front that others (left) Hudgess: kids don't need art

well, but they've managed to find a permanent home in the new Waterfront Theatre on Granville Island, the city's redevelopment showcase. The well-established 800-seat granville playhouse—with script critiquing workshops, readings, production facilities and agency promotion—its more illustrious members have included Tora Glass, Betty Lambert and Eric Neal. Sharing the Waterfront too is Carousel, a dynamic "Family" theatre Joanna Kraut's recent *Want to Be Free about slaves riding the Underground Railroad* to Canada before the U.S. Civil War is typical of Carousel's "uphill fight to get theaters to understand that kids want more than feet," according to artistic director Elizabeth Hall. Through governments

have remained largely indifferent to Carousel's efforts, it has received considerable support from other theatres, especially Bill Millard's Arts Club.

Millard's co-operation and agreeance is in fact rising in Vancouver's theatre community, and the Arts Club Theatre is often pleased for its proximity to other, like, companies. Millard's friend and artistic enemy Ron Ross settled him the other new theatre on Granville Island in addition to his several downtown spaces, but Bill had both to deal with his Waterfront 32.5-million-budget and, as usual, subsidy squeeze. Another company that has been spurred veritas about its home is Larry Lillo's experimental Tambourine Theatre, the resident company at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (VCECC).

Not far at the vice director Chris Westcott is contemplating growing another hand to answer cross-country requests for their strapping Billie Budgie. His Harvard business degree notwithstanding, Westcott was slipping at rock ink in 1978 as he deliberately mounted Billie as a money-maker. The play's success and Westcott's other impressive activities have transformed the centre. "We're now becoming financially dependent on commercial properties," he says, "but it makes sense for theatres to do that—commercial share

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are more than business than being money." Essentially an importer of productions from across Canada, the enterprising Weston intends to pass Billy's book account to good use by making his heartily converted church available to innovative Vancouver companies with no space of their own. Meanwhile, Billy's author John Geng has a new technical, *Rock and Roll*, co-produced by the VRCG and scheduled to storm the National Arts Centre this winter. Hang onto your seats—the Vancouver flyby promises to be a regular phenomenon.

—MARK CHARNICK

## Now you see It, now you don't

**E.C.U. (EXTREME CLOSE-UP)**  
Directed by Neil Morris  
Directed by Peter Fischbach



**Donald Doss as heartthrob off screen**

We all recognize characters like the aging film actor Edward Marshall, ex-barber-singer from *Sunset Strip*, tooted by a major Hollywood studio as Gable's successor. That top billing eluded him, but his supporting roles finally started him out again once he'd stopped heartthrob bimbo in drags such as *Attack of the Giant Baboon*. Slumped in a deck chair on location, camera and lighting stands surrounding him like expectant tambourines, Donald Doss roars out Marshall's own song in a poignant and powerful performance filled with bitter resonance.

*E.C.U.* explores the archetypal Hollywood paradox: how is it possible to extract a cinematic image from the labyrinthine complexities of film production—the endless bidding with light and sound, the soul-destroying retakes, the clever exception of editing? How could the shambolic failure, this battered negotiator of four broken marriages, this smouldering alcoholie with a personality like a gravel road ever set a heart thudding? Marshall himself doesn't know, but he does know how to get laid, as when June (Diane Ladd), a simple and apparently innocent housewife, arrives on the daily shoot and she and her mother-mason overalls end up with hair on her hands. Whatever charms moved her on the silver screen have vanished and she storms off, miserable memories coldly erased, leaving the paradox to unfold on its own. What *Marshall* isn't throughout and finally illustrates in a "surprise" ending is that without it, the magical indefinable something that most talent scouts exhaust lives digging up, hearts don't throb. Marshall had it, and when the cameras do roll (the last scene is no surprise at all since its truth has been felt long before), it is fully revealed.

Much of Doss's bravura performance is due to Peter Fischbach's subtle direction. Instructions are avoided, the rhythms of speech and silence are deftly broaded into a moving emotional melody, particularly striking in the tundry thickness between Marshall and his gay valet Triple, pangently evoked by Stewart Arnell. There are minor faux—the first act blacked in early, June's rage too abstract, Triple's joyous invitation at times—but this finely detailed close-up does transform itself, slowly and skilfully, into a lifelike human portrait. It will get you every time. —M.C.

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# Calling the wild

MUSIC FOR WILDERNESS LAKE  
CBC, NOV. 26

**I**t's autumn darkness on O'Garry Lake in the backwoods near Bancroft, Ont. Shaggy reeds roll above the water. A sound unheard in these parts suddenly peals out with eerie sonority. An apoplectic duck darts beneath the surface. The peal is echoed, distantly, by another, and another. Warily, an owl cocks his thick neck and scans the lake and surrounding woods with glinting brass. Again at dusk the chorus of full-throated songsters to the wilderness begins to rise in one another, effulgent against the setting sun, a wolf attends periodically.

For visitors to O'Garry Lake see the truimphant finale. Elsewhere, assembles to play *Music for Wilderness Lake*, a composition by Canadian sonic experimenter R. Murray Schafer. Schafer set out to exploit the peculiar changes in sound that occurs at dawn and sunset, owing to temperature variations between the air and the water. He invited, too, to invite the imprecise manager and include their answers and protests to the unanticipated invasion of their turf. The truimphant were dispersed around the lake with such instructions as "Stop until you hear the birds again"; while Schafer conducted from a raft moored in the centre. Cameramen were spotted on the players and such woodland auditory as might arrive, while microphones stand scattered precariously in canoes. Cut sound recordist John Reeves revised the Kootenay warthogs (He reproduces sound more accurately than stereo or quadraphonic systems. When broadcast through conventional television speakers, however, the correspondence is lost.)

*Music for Wilderness Lake* is a sweet and unlikely doozy about the making of an imaginative piece of modern music. But the best part is the music itself—in two movements, Dawn and Dark. Schafer's genius in scoring for truimphant shows from the first suggestion note to the full warbling chorus. The best way to appreciate the music, and the film, is to switch off the set at the end of the program and let this tranquil yet haunting music soa.

—BOB MATTIGE



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# The writing on democracy wall

This reporter went to China only hoping for a big story but found, however briefly, he was it



By Doug Fetherling

THE CHINESE PORTRAIT  
OF JOHN FRAZER  
By John Fraser  
(Collins, \$19.95)

To many people, the idea of sending John Fraser to China in 1977 must have seemed curious at best. Seven different seaports had handled The Globe and Mail's Peking bureau since it was opened in 1858; they were hard-wood, barn-menos types, all, usually veterans of the foreign correspondent's pachisi game. But Fraser was something else again. In The Chinese, his succinct and important memoir of his days in the People's Republic, he refers to himself at one point as "a former ballerina with occasional tendencies toward matinees." Is another typically self-seeking boast? He remembers approaching the assignment (perhaps the most coveted and demanding non-executive task in Canadian journalism) "with all the dangerous sharts of the day next door." But in the two-year stint that became something like a legend, Fraser surprised those who didn't know him while justifying the confidence of those who obviously did. He was a wily shrewd and exemplary foreign correspondent and has written a most shrewd and exemplary book.

When Fraser arrived in the country, aged 33, he did not seem destined, as the old Chinese curse supposedly has it, to live in interesting times. His predecessors, not he, had had all the lucky breaks and logistries: the split with the Soviets, the Cultural Revolution, the renewed ties with the West. Even the death of Mao had happened during the tenure of his predecessor, Ross Munro. But Fraser was a different kind of journalist, during a different sort of job. He was interested in the people themselves, "concerned in how people coped with what they had and how they related to life around them." He went there mostly to learn, and it was a treat to learn along with him in the pages of the Globe. So was an added bonus when the traditional Big Story, the kind he hadn't sought, did drop into his lap.

The suppression and general excess of Mao's Cultural Revolution was bound to ease once the Great Helmsman was safely in his mausoleum. It was at this stage that Fraser arrived, when Deng Xiaoping and Hu Yaobang were leading the backlash against the Gang

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Fraiser himself left by the syndicated *Washington Post* columnist Robert Novak, who happened to be writing—making Fraiser both the involuntary epitome of what seemed to be a new movement and an international figure who became the story he was covering.

For a time at least, the government seemed only to note these spontaneous gangs-on without trying to stop them, and during this brief respite Fraiser got a privileged look at the ways and means of ordinary people, he became the first correspondent of resort years to be able to enjoy more or less normal relationships with the society Fraiser made Chinese friends, had them to dinner and visited their houses. But it came to an end all too soon. The authorities began making messages easier toward the "stranded," and Fraiser himself was chased through the cold night streets of Beijing by members of the Chinese People's Security Bureau. Finally, the 40-year-old came, with some leaders of whom had been disingenuously called "the tiny democratic movement," rounded up and locked away. The importance of the whole episode remains a subject of controversy. And though Fraiser gives a complete account, to his means builds his book around it, taking pains instead to restrain at length in the educational spirit with which he began.

It has long since come to be expected that each returning *Globe* correspondent (as well as each successive reporter from the *Toronto Star*, etc.) will write a "China book." Although it has probably never been remarked on, these works constitute a distinctive Canadian genre. Such U.S. journalists as managed to visit the country at all before the gates were opened wide in 1979 produced how-we-left-China-to-the-Reds-tracks or something else similarly naive. By contrast, the Canadian books have been thoughtful, non-judgmental and altogether more coherent, useful counterweights to the mere travel essays of China which continue to be produced after 200 years or so. The Chinese is clearly part of this tradition and yet it is something more than that, too.

For one thing, Fraiser writes the as angel. He interprets an frenzy in his narrative, and at all times lets his own personality show through. The result is that we get a picture of a jocular but dedicated Upper Canada College old boy with the Canadian establishment's characteristic love of the patoisque and the patoisque alike. For another, he's a very sensitive man and applies the sensitivity to his reporting. (Between the lines, for instance, the perceptive reader will also find the story of how the Fraiser's marriage dissolved under the pressures of confinement and cultural inaction.) Nobody need have



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warned about Fraser. Everyone who has taken the Class parting seems to have come out of the experience a different person—more conservative, or more cynical or whatever. Fraser will be a talented peggy. He can't wait nearly one of the two or three best politicians of his generation. □

## The man who would be king – and more

DRAPAU

by Brian McKenna and Sean Purcell  
(Clarke Irwin, \$15.95)

**M**ontreal is a city crushed by debt, plagued by high-level corruption, muddling in the shadows of its leaders and so devoid of true democracy that just twice its 54 elected councillors are outside the mayor's disciplined party of fascism plus-syndrome. What Bourassa made these days is a young energetic reformer. One who, like the anti-voting crusader first elected in 1954, would promise "We will do nothing to help the farts." Since that promise, Jean Drapeau has turned municipal administration into a shell game, magnificently slipping the facts from sight. Dropped by Brian McKenna and Sean Purcell as the best attempt yet to lift the shroud and reveal Drapeau as an amateur management builder whose triumphs are never quite complete. The glitz of Expo 67 was marred by profiteering as disgraceful, gilded medals were thrown up in victory lanes through the city and corruco was ground into the handshakers sold at Michelin-controlled food concessions. And, of course, the 1976 Olympic Games were a triumph only if one ignores the shoddy workmanship, general apathy and still unfinished state of the stadium. But there are two thoroughly impressive

Drapeau: a reformer turned impresario





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ave adherents of Mayor Jean Drépiau, one, hisosity to make the people forgive his failings and, the other, the sum of mystery protecting his private and much of his political existence. Drépiau adds a third dimension to the mayor's cardboard-cutout exterior, but, like the underpinnings of his subjects, the Drépiau myth is flawed, charmed by the Drépiau spell it tries to exorcise. The authors' back-and-forth efforts to read the Mayor's expressionistic and facetious anomalies toggles into the ridiculous. For instance: "Every time Jean Drépiau wheels past a liquor in his line-

name, he can take some of the credit for that person's part of St. Lucia and the amount of dollars that will save the community is well-defined tally."

But their account of the mayor's dubious schemes is unscratched and like many of the tantalizing signs in modern Quebec history, particularly prior to the fall of Drépiau's foot with Claude Ryan who, as *Le Devoir* publisher, had vision of emerging leadership authority during the 1990 October Crisis by declaring himself leader of a provisional government for Quebec. Combined with the mayor's old friendship with Parti

québécois Premier René Lévesque, Drépiau'sosity for Ryan makes sense of the mayor's unnatural temptation to take over the overhauled Union Nationale, whose perch could bring Ryan victory in next year's provincial election. The mayor is unlikely to relish the prospect of losing his budget and city charter at the mercy of a premier who, as Ryan has, diagnosis in him "touches of megalomania."

So far, no Quebec government has dared mess with Drépiau's vision of greatness because of his sway over Montrealers. The book reveals that

Drépiau went so far as to top with the idea of a city referendum on Quebec independence—with himself at the head of the federalist forces. But the Lévesque government agreed to finish Drépiau's cherished Olympic stadium tower and the mayor dropped his scheme. (After the referendum, the government revealed that it would not finance the tower after all because it could not support its own weight.)

Drépiau's Quebec nationalism, his fascination with things Far Eastern, which brought Montreal a number-cited Metro which can't run outside its tunnels to the schools or airports, his suspicious elevation of an incompetent up to the chief's job and his disrespect of Montreal's natural and architectural heritage are well chronicled. But, like most Montreal voters, McKenna and Farrel pardon the mayor. They understand more than they penetrate the Drépiau mystique.

—DAVID THOMAS

## Portrait of a C.G.A.



Lorne Findlay, C.G.A.  
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Sault Ste. Marie Board of Education

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In addition to his position with the Board of Education, Lorne is also Executive Director of the Northern Ontario Public and Secondary School Trustees' Association.

Lorne Findlay is a Certified General Accountant (C.G.A.).

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### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

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- 1 *The Covenant, Motherhouse* (3)
- 2 *Flavoured, King* (2)
- 3 *The Key to Rebecca, Follett* (2)
- 4 *Jonah's Gourd Vine, MacLaine* (4)
- 5 *King of Angels, Shulman* (3)
- 6 *Paris, Jarry* (2)
- 7 *Portuguese Fish, Tolman* (2)
- 8 *Altarists, MacLean* (6)
- 9 *The Bourne Identity, Lafferty* (5)
- 10 *The Third Temptation, Temples*

#### Nonfiction

- 1 *The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1842*, Rivers (3)
- 2 *The Second Herman Treasury*, Doug (2)
- 3 *The Northern Marquis, Green* (2)
- 4 *Catch Me If You Can, Sklarzoff* (1)
- 5 *Battle of Britain, Douglas* (2)
- 6 *Discipline of Power, Suspen* (6)
- 7 *The Sky's the Limit, Dyer* (1)
- 8 *James Broughton's Yankville*, Rivers (1)
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- 10 *Lucy's, Rivers*

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# The dream of a painless body

Science raises new hopes for eradicating the worst of all man's afflictions

By Warren Gerard

**I**t's happened suddenly. Bob Cave was lifting two heavy garbage cans into a Vancouver disposal truck when he slipped and fell, twisting his back and severely injuring discs in his spine. He wouldn't be working on the garbage trucks again. Cave underwent three back operations, but now is able to ease the chronic pain and the aching misery that comes with it. He now turns to coffee. Everything about the man changed. At best, he could sleep only three hours a night, and when he got up the first priority was to pop a couple of codine pills. He spent his days watching television, moaning about as little as possible and popping pills, up to 16 a day. At 36, his thoughts were filled with bitterness and self-pity and he vented his frustrations on his wife and two children. "I felt totally helpless. It's degrading when you can't drive or carry in the groceries, and I couldn't even play with the kids. I got pretty grouchy and

yelled a lot. The kids didn't like me too much. I think now it was worse on the family than on me."

Bob Cave lived that way for eight years. Then last year the Workmen's Compensation Board sent Cave to a private clinic, the Canadian Centre for Pain and Stress Management, a low-rise office building in central Vancouver. It was something of a miracle for Cave. Within a week he had dropped his stick, taken off the couch he wore for his back and thrown out his codine pills. "I got diagnosed with myself," he said. "I went cold turkey. It wasn't easy." At the end of the six-week treatment—a combination of self-help and cognitive therapy—Cave was controlling his pain, rather than allowing the pain to control him. In fact, he so well that he has taken his first job since the 1981 accident as an evening controller at the clinic. In trying to measure the intensity of his pain, before he entered the clinic, Cave laughs and says that on a scale of one to 10 he would rate it at 10, but now he rates it as more acceptable

two. "I occasionally get a slight, annoying pain, but nothing I can't handle."

Pain is the first experience in life and, for many, the last. It is a word with many definitions, none of which seem adequate. "It's something that makes your life hell," Cave says. "It robs you of any will to do anything." Even for the experts involved in pain research, it is a difficult concept to describe. Dr. Bruce Pomeranz, professor of anatomy at the University of Toronto, says pain is a "dirty word" in science. "It is a philosophical thing. You know you have it but you don't know what it is." Ronald Melzack, a doctor of psychology at Montreal's McGill University, has a more practical definition. "It is a complicated experience that we don't like which is normally associated with damage to the body." But whatever it is—and anyone who suffers from it knows what it is—pain is the worst of all man's afflictions. For chronic sufferers, it is a debilitating way of life, a disease in itself, and the main reason why people seek out doctors. In the

Western world, back pain alone accounts for 50 million doctor visits a year, infusions another 25 million. Sixty-million infants more than 50 million North Americans and costs \$8 billion a year in treatment and lost work time.

But now, as never before, the world of science and medicine is at a dramatic threshold of understanding pain and, what's more, how it can be stopped. Within the past decade there have been startling, even sensational advances in the fight against pain. On one front, a variety of techniques, some very new, others as old as acupuncture itself, have been developed to help a patient cope with pain. The other prong of the attack is the work of drug companies and their almost monthly announcement of some new and powerful chemical to combat pain. In recent years, researchers have found that the brain produces its own natural opiates, called endorphins and enkephalins, and once their function is better understood the puzzle of pain may even be solved. Pain, the study and treatment of it, is becoming popular, a growing discipline in medicine. More and more pain centres and clinics, whose approach to alleviating pain is multidisciplinary, rather than self-oriented, are opening their doors, both privately and in public hospitals where patients are covered by medicare.

"The medical profession deals extremely well with acute pain," says Dr. Charles Gregory, a psychiatrist and director of the clinic where Bob Cave was treated and now works. "But it doesn't know how to cope with chronic pain." Gregory says chronic pain isn't simply a physiological sensation but, rather, a total experience. Physical pain is compounded by secondary or "learned" factors, such as emotional stress, insomnia, family conflict or financial worries, all of which feed into the pain-tension-acute cycle. "The medications don't alleviate chronic pain, as there's frustration, depression, a fear of never recovering, and eventually the patient himself is accused of imagined it all because there's no longer an adequate organic cause for the pain."

Because government medicine programs cover Gregory's private self-directed rehabilitation approach, patients or their insurance plan (Workmen's Compensation or company disability plan) pay the \$400 a day for a shared room. "We fall between the holes in the grid," Gregory says. "Although there have been pain centres in the U.S. for the past 15 years, we'll be the first of this type in Canada. Many insurance companies haven't recognized the cost effectiveness. Currently the \$10,000 to \$15,000 for our program with the costs of 20 or 25 years of disability payments. Sixty-two per cent of our patients return to work."



Body map used in pain research: sensational advances in fighting pain

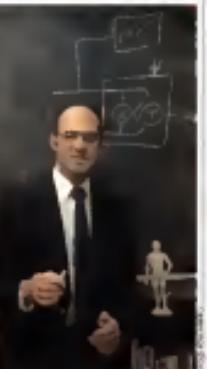
Greg's treatment of the clients was typical. It began with a 7 a.m. walk, followed by a shower and gentle exercise, morning and afternoon physiotherapy, and biofeedback training using a small battery unit that keeps as many as 600 muscle muscles a certain point. The healer told Cave when to relax, doctors, psychologists and physiotherapists taught him how. Learning how to relax is an essential part of the program, but there are other ingredients, such as group therapy, not just for the pain sufferer, but also for his family.

**T**he current multidisciplinary approach to pain management and search of the popularity and optimism about pain research in recent years is due in large part to the work of Melzack and physiologist Dr. Patrick P. Wall of the University of London in England. They turned up to create what is called the "gate control" theory of pain—a theory that changed traditional ways of thinking about pain. Very simply, the "gate control" theory, which is not universally accepted, shows how pain signals may be transmitted to the brain through "gates" in the nervous system, how such "gates" may close and therefore block pain signals, and how pain signals are controlled by the brain. In other words, pain can originate from within the body and from without. Basically, Melzack and Wall rediscovered and refined, in modern terms, what the Greek physician Galen had known in 160 A.D. but because his theories had the brain, not the heart, was the seat of the soul, his work was judged to be heretical and was therefore suppressed.

Christian influence on the knowledge and treatment of pain has been enormous. Throughout the middle ages the monasteries were the dispensers of both medicine and theology, and the philosophy of pain was simply that Christ had suffered on the cross, therefore man should also be prepared to suffer. That philosophy, which is shared by other religions, has been a remarkable refuge for submitting to pain, for today, at least, it is becoming unacceptable. To let someone suffer from useless, chronic pain, says Dr. Margaret Scott, clinical director of the pain clinic unit for terminal cancer patients at Victoria's Grace Hospital, is "a sin" (see page 68). Melzack has much the same feeling. "It's enough," he says, "just to try to relieve some human dignity is agony. We do not also need severe pain and the suffering that comes from it."

Until the "gate" theory's discovery, the prevailing wisdom about pain—taught as fact in medical schools until recently—was basically articulated by

Cave (far left), scientist John Pheifer and Bruce Pomeranz (right); pain is a 'dirty word' in science



Melzack and 'gate' theory: a complicated acceptance that we don't like

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seated from the brain to the body. In this case, Melnick's "pain" was the other way. He cites the case of a woman who was paraputing her blouse when, suddenly, she found what she feared, a small lamp. She called her doctor immediately, but it was a Friday and she was told the doctor wouldn't be in the office until Monday. By Friday night, new was wearing the same combination of pain in her blouse, as Saturday the pain moved to her shoulder, and by Sunday night it had spread to her arm. On Monday, after the doctor's thorough examination, she was told she had a small brain-tumour cyst, something that occasionally happens during investigation. The pain disappeared immediately.

**Y**et there are two types of pain that, for most people, need no psychological explanation—acute, or acute pain, and chronic, or chronic pain. Acute pain is often sharp, immediate, unexpected, caused by something like a wasp's sting, stepping on a nail, suffering a toothache, appendicitis or heart attack. It is a warning signal. Chronic pain, however, caused by such conditions as arthritis, degenerative discs, a phantom limb or terminal cancer, is constant, all-consuming, depressing and desolating.

In the United States (no such figures

are available in Canada), the average patient in chronic pain has suffered for seven years, had three to five operations and paid up to \$10,000 in physician's fees. In the case of surgery to relieve the lower-back pain often caused by degenerative discs, applying pressure on nerves, up to 60 per cent of the patients fail to get relief. Meanwhile, these same

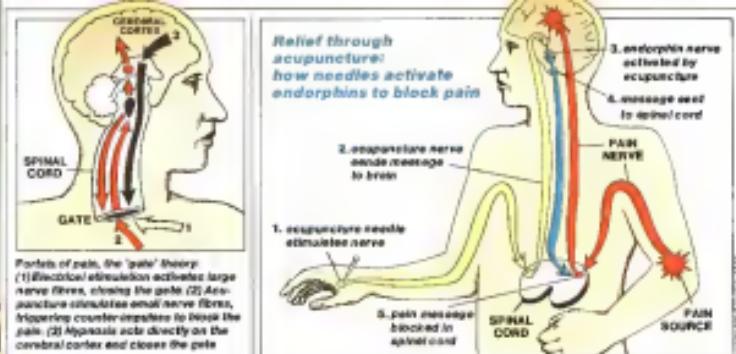
### Stimulators don't abolish pain; they merely ease it

patients take many different types of pain-killers and tranquilizers, often aggravating rather than alleviating the pain. And the chances are a mighty 50-50 that sedation may result.

Since the "gate" theory and the research that has followed, many doctors are becoming increasingly reluctant to operate on patients and drug them into potential addiction. Many new methods, as well as older ones, are being used to attack pain. In fact, pain now can be seen through the use of thermograms, a method of making pictures of temperature variations of the skin. It is often found in these pictures, produced by the infra-red radiation of heat, that painful areas in the body are several degrees cooler than normal. Some ways of attacking pain work for some patients some of the time, but none in a panacea.

Hypnosis and self-hypnosis work well for some people with stress-related pain and, in some cases, remarkably well for more severe pain. Acupuncture has found a new scientific base, especially since the discovery of endorphins in the brain that are stimulated by acupuncture, thus relieving pain. Transcutaneous stimulation, some use of a cigarette package, attached to the body's surface, are used to stimulate stimulating those parts of the body in pain. There can be effective low-energy types of pain, including laser-beam types, and even for some experimental cancer pain, but the stimulators don't abolish pain, they merely ease it. In other cases, nerve blocks are effective. Here, an anesthetic applied to the nerve by injection stops the nerve's signal to the brain, usually ending the pain for several hours or longer, sometimes completely. But for the most part, even though there have been dramatic breakthroughs in methods and attitudes in the treatment of pain, the chronic sufferer is seldom fully relieved, although the pain usually can be modulated.

For others nothing seems to work, and some sufferers must find their own ways of dealing with pain. William Stevenson, journalist and author of *A Man Called Intrepid*, has been in chronic pain since suffering back injuries in the Second World War from the



Portion of pain, the "gate" theory:  
(1) Electrical stimulation activates large nerve fibers, closing the gate (2) Acupuncture stimulates small nerve fibers, triggering counter-impulses to block the pain (3) Hypnosis acts directly on the cerebral cortex and closes the gate

gunshot, even thermal and acidic. "You can spend great many hours talking to doctors, but you are dealing with an area they know very little about," Stevenson says. "My attitude is, well, to hell with that; I'll do it myself."

The doctor was skeptical when Stevenson told him that he would go on his own diet and pain program. "He has turned out to be something of a bit-oddities solution. He eats chicken, fish and vegetables, no red meat, no cheese, drinks with only occasionally, and very little alcohol. He is very stiff after a night's sleep and spends the first half-hour of each day in exercise. He takes about six coated aspirins a day, takes

own diet and pain program. "You can spend great many hours talking to doctors, but you are dealing with an area they know very little about," Stevenson says. "My attitude is, well, to hell with that; I'll do it myself."

The doctor was skeptical when Stevenson told him that he would go on his



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## Courage, fear and unfulfilled dreams

It was plain to see that Pauline Schenck was dying. Her body, more fragile than the red roses in a white vase on her bedside, was thin, gaunt, wan, and her voice was weak, the words difficult to say, easy, yet set to hoarse whispers. Yet her spirit was good and her dignity intact. She had just finished drinking a strong dose of liquid morphine from a paper cup. It had a slightly bitter taste. "This is an awful place to be," she said and added, "I have no problem. Sometimes I'm sleepy, but not so good."

A few days after talking to MacLean's, the 65-year-old woman, a patient in the palliative care unit on the ninth floor of Toronto's Grace Hospital, died—peacefully, without pain. No one is cured in this pleasant enough unit, but patients die in dignity, without the chronic pain, the agony, that almost everyone fears from a cancer death.

### An evil circle that has no beginning or end

The unit, now almost two years old, was started under the direction of Dr. Margaret Scott, who was a nurse before she became an internist and clinical director at the Grace. She recalls that it wasn't until the mid-1970s that the first two palliative-care units in Canada were established in Winnipeg's St. Boniface Hospital and in Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital.

The medical profession has been slow to leaven to treat terminal patients. "The medical attitude towards that, I believe, comes from the personal frustration of knowing there's nothing they can do," Scott says. "You can't do something, you can't fix it. But in the past 20 years [since the first unit in Canada], there's been a small evolution of knowledge about how to control pain."

In her own unit Scott uses and morphine and other narcotics, such as opiate and codeine, to control pain in the dying. "You not talking about fancy techniques," she says. "We are now say that 95 percent—and that's a conservative figure—of all the cancer pain can be almost totally eradicated, and 100

per cent of strong pain can be modified. I know it works."

Scott describes chronic pain as an evil that has no beginning or end. It is a circle of chronic pain, depression, anxiety, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and, in some cases, loss of family and loss of self-esteem. "The patient wants to know how much worse it will get and will it ever stop. The chemical approach is that you break the pain cycle. You get ahead of it with an adequate dose of the right drug and then you don't allow it to reoccur. In medical circles this is being. This is relatively new, because traditional, and correctly for pain care, you don't treat it until you know what's causing it."

In the process of taking liquid morphine the patient does not become an addict, says Scott, because the need for the drug is physical rather than psychological. At the same time severe pain is being eradicated, the pain memory disappears, and the patient re-establishes resilience. "A person dying of cancer shouldn't have to earn his next dose of pain medication."

twice daily and wears a back brace while sitting at the typewriter. When he leaves Toronto for his Bernards home, he scuba dives for one or two hours a day. It is there that his relief is greatest, although he has not received as medical reason why scuba diving works. "At 30 feet below, it's real bliss," he says.

**D**e Linda Raposo used to be a full-time general physician, but today, as an anesthetist, her Toronto practice is 90-per-cent anesthetist and her patients usually are referred to her by other doctors. "I had patients that I felt very inadequate in treating," she says. "If somebody with a bad back came in the door I felt like going out the



Raposo: "An important if may not succeed"

window, because to say 'Go home and lie down for six weeks and take ibuprofen and Valium' didn't seem to me to be very good treatment. So I guess I was ripe for anesthetist."

One of her first patients when she started anesthetizing in 1974 was a woman who had undergone three spinal biopsies and seven surgery. "She hadn't worked for 3½ years and she tried to come in and she had pain because she had fibromyalgia. She was really disabled, so we made plans to have her pain managed and she went home to work."

A year later anesthetist, because even more promising, became one of the most important discoveries of the decade, perhaps the century, was made by John Hopkins and Harry Kandt in 1962. They discovered enkephalins in the brain which, when later found, can be stimulated by anesthetics. In fact, anesthetics, through its many receptors at trigger points, can stimulate many chemicals in the system, such as serotonin, for example, or a tranquilizing chemical, not unlike Valium.

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## The dramatic threshold of understanding pain

puncture becomes even more effective in killing pain.

"It's pretty startling where we are right now," Pernowicz says. "There's no such evidence to prove all this stuff. It's not just pain in the sky. I think we really understand. It's not working perfectly—that is, more [transcutaneous electrical nerve stimulation] and nerve blocks are not, for instance, powerful enough to stop very severe pain, like cancer pain, but if you want me to speculate there, I could argue that by knowing more about this system we are going to optimize it." That's my hope, that we can enhance serotonin or endorphins and, as a result, we will get a really potent [pain-killing] option going." In the axis, an animal, which involved prenatally drugs that boosted the effects of serotonin or endorphins. Pernowicz and Cheng found that the drugs that they administered were non-addictive, just as serotoners are non-addictive. The next step, obviously, will be to test them in human before they can be prescribed.

But addiction remains the central interest in pain management for the medical and scientific community. Some drug companies are dropping their investigations into producing pain-killers that would imitate the body's natural opiates. They have produced pain-killers that are 20,000 times stronger than morphine, but they are much more addictive than morphine. Other companies, however, are continuing their research for non-addictive drugs, and some of it appears promising.

Most promising, perhaps, is the radical change in the attitude toward pain—the shedding of old philosophies and beliefs about its value. Now it is no longer acceptable for anyone to live in chronic, intense pain, although in some cases it cannot be avoided. Yet even in these cases there is new hope through old and tried methods, such as acupuncture, through research into the mysteries of the brain, through the development and search for non-addictive drugs and through the increasingly successful multidisciplinary approach to pain. But whatever the definition of pain is, whether it is in fact or fiction is such instances, whether it is something that can be seen as an infrared picture, whether it comes from within or without the body, its causes and treatments are becoming better understood. Remarkably, at least, the pain threshold has been reached.

All that remains is to cross it.

*Edwin K. Darrow is a physician and author. White Lyon is Toronto.*

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## FILMS

# Going the distance, and much, much farther

**RAGING BULL**  
Directed by Martin Scorsese

The opening credits of Martin Scorsese's dark, disturbing biography of boxer Jake La Motta take their place with the most poetic ever filmed. The sequence boasts *Raging Bull* and it's the cornerstone to understanding the human originity of this dangerous pass of work. La Motta (Robert De Niro), alone in the ring, bounded like a figure from Italian opera, shadowbox in slow motion to the strains of the intermission from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The music and the implements of the man hidden away under the hood of his robe, his anger uncontrollable, coalesce into a cruel cacophony that ends as of our pity right away. An audience is going to need that sequence, the way a dying man might a priest.

When we next see De Niro he is huddled under a mound of fat and淤血, aping himself for a performance in a nightclub. The actor's awesome transformation tells, in a single scene, how years, once lived, devolve into moments. The next cut, from 1964, some 20 years to 1983, shows the "Stax Bull" when he was a contender, his face more open under a shock-ing cap of hair, his kind is battered, his face more. Scorsese and his screenwriters, Mardik Martin and Paul Schrader, tell this story from that point. La Motta's meeting his second wife, Vicki (Dally Murray), and their toruous relationship, his climb to the middleweight world championships, and his decline into a caged, craggy man with a cigar and a dirty mouth. But they don't tell it with a conventional narrative monologue, we get highlights interspersed with a speech.

Shot by Michael Chapman in monochrome black and white except for the credits and the montage of loose, scattered, flying dust moves with a surreal rhythmic and brandishes an intense style. La Motta's fights with Sugar Ray Robinson, Marvelous Marvin Hagler and others don't hold dramatically the way the fight sequences do in, say, *Body and Soul* or *Champion*; they're quick, painful relief of effort all the more violent in spray of sweat, meat and blood rocketing out from one fighter's profile for being so quick. Scorsese has captured what Norman Mailer described in The

Fight as "the carnality of boxing," the "most agonist intent" and has laid the gears of the same time. The moves that de-commodified boxing in the past—*The Hustler*, *The Fox*, *Equus*, for a *Heavyweight*—always gave the audience something to hold on to the fighter's humanity. Scorsese doesn't. Jake La Motta manages to alienate everyone he touches, his wives, his best-friend, parent, brother, manager Joey (played superbly by Joe Pesci) and, finally, us. Yet this man, even though he seems to have no saving grace as a human being, suffers, hangs his cocas from not being able to understand himself or his place in the world. He can't smile, drink or, at times, have sex, and he doesn't care much for money, all he seems to have is in a small packet of pride.

*Raging Bull* like *Cavalleria Rusticana*, is told by heightened emotion or verismo. It's tent pitched high on the scale. The fight scenes, with their blood and popping fleshballs, are like lightning hitting the screen, and the passion of the film-making permeates outside the ring, too. The movie begins erupting La Motta is constantly worried about his weight, and his fears turns him into a pig Othello, insanely jealous of his wife. The ring has become his Iago, baiting him. His relationship with Vicki is passionately sadomasochistic, rooted in Catholic guilt, and they go at each other like sharks. In the final fight with Sugar Ray Robinson, La Motta allows himself to be crushed on the ropes. Private voices of guilt, pride, alienation and self-hatred seem to be whispering in his ear telling him to stand and talk.

Nearly every scene in *Raging Bull* runs contrary to our expectations. La Motta gets on the phone to reconcile himself with his brother, whom he has beaten up in one of his jealous rages (instead of one of those trouncing scenes filled with preening postures and cracked ribs, there is a stream of wacky obscene verbal abuse from Joey as the other end). La Motta, years later, is thrown into jail because of a wee tip involving a 14-year-old girl at his club in Miami. His spirit finally stricken, he starts banging his head against the wall, puncting it with his fist, crying "Why? Why? I'm not a animal!" The movie goes on unflinchingly, that through a labyrinth, and all we see are De Niro's awesome shoulders buckled in pain and how the boxer's face behind his mask. *Raging Bull* is the story of a man, banging his head against a brick wall, it's capricious, it's unpredictable, and we can't stop watching. Why? It's a question that passes over the road like a cloud on what had been a clear sky just two hours before.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



De Niro, before and after the carnality of boxing, the shark fights of marriage





Kristin Chenoweth and Kristy Lee Cook dancing in a \$40-million shelved film

## So much for that one clean shot

**N**ext week Napoleon contacted his travel agent and went to Moscow. He's been much less gregarious. *House's Gate*, the long-awaited \$40-million western epic by Michael Cimino, the director of *The Deer Hunter*, following last week's premiere in Toronto and New York—and the cancellation of one in Los Angeles—has been pulled out of theaters by its distributor, United Artists. Two years in the making, this four-hour epic does millions and scores at both showings. Critical response to the movie in New York was so unanimously negative that both Cimino and the distributor immediately agreed to pull the matinee. Cimino says that, in meeting United Artists' demand for "preliminary releases," his film had to be reshot to suit the editor's taste. United Artists, with a renewed office to fit millions already invested in the film, wanted to release it in the three cities in order to qualify for this year's Oscar. But they had not seen the

finished product. Cimino carried the "soft" print with him to New York on the day of the first screening. The original plan was to release *House's Gate* in several hundred theaters across North America at the end of February, says United Artists spokesman "Spike" Gruber. "The \$40-million blip, which means like a David Lee's movie with a long, has become a critical brouhaha and the biggest Hollywood scandal in years.

—LAWRENCE OTTO

## Amazing what can be done in a week

### FINAL ASSIGNMENT

Directed by Paul Almond

**C**hances are the plot of *Final Assignment*—feisty young girl reporter Marisol interviews with the chairman of the Soviet Central Committee—Russia's Mr. Big. Not prepared to settle for the journalistic copy of the century, she finds time in her busy schedule to amass and incriminating evidence of unethic Soviet scientific experiments and to snap off a highly adrenal press on secret trials in the U.S.S.R. She severs and beheads the bungling Soviet press liaison officer (Michael York) assigned to her, and cuts it all off by covering an old family friend, who just happens to drop by Leningrad for a fix, asking to treat a child who needs special medical attention out of the U.S.S.R. My, what a busy week!

Director Paul Almond, called in at the last minute to replace Sylvie Simon, struggles to personify the ideological

stereotypes that make Marisol's script. But there are so many. General Bapols does try to give some respect to Marisol's intelligence, and York is an eager to please as a much-old puppy. But Marisol is kept so busy hopping from subplot to subplot that any character between them just blurs out. Nor do they get much help from the film craft department. Curiously dull and flat cinematography (by John Cazale) makes the film difficult to watch, and despite a smattering of ladies, attempts to transform the streets of Moscow into the streets of Moscow and Leningrad fail miserably.

*Final Assignment* is in fact a hopeless misnomer. It's an irredeemable hodgepodge of plots, themes and plot developments flying off in all directions—and to no great consequence. —WALTER GREGORY



Top left and (below) York, attempt to watch despite a smattering of ladies



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# Where Liberals sag and bag

*Some strange device unfashions a sprocket at the rear of their cranium*

By Allan Fotheringham

There was think with pin-striped suits and redcent handshakes. The ambassadors and diplomats from across the Pacific, who usually meet each other at the endless cocktail parties in Ottawa, this time were doing the circulating—as only diplomats can circulate—in Vancouver's celebrated Tugboat Inn, where guests can serve by boat, land or seaplane, but mostly by expense account. This is, at a glance, Reddiffe Park—where want it is also another thing—a gleaming example of the stupidity of the Liberal Party of Canada—which apparently feels it can survive forever by being elected in Ontario and Quebec. This is, in fact, a cocktail party thrown for the diplomats and the press by Tory MP Pat Casey to stell the thunder from the Liberals' Pacific Rim Trade Conference—which has banished the diplomats and the press. Could you be more touchy-painful?

There is something strange that happens to Liberals as they pass through the door. It is as if some strange device unfashions a sprocket at the rear of the cranium, sort of a head-splitting switch. Their six-pointed insignia signs and logos in the wrong places and they can't find the proper fork. They are strangers in paradise.

Paradise is what they seemed to have acquired (in their last few western visits) when they inherited the site of a major showcase on the Pacific from the Clark Kamikaze Squad. The Clarksons were to have held this conference last February—before an unfortunate incident called an election interrupted. Casey, the Vancouver economist who was born in Shanghai and continues that has spent 15 years on the Economic Council of Canada turned her from a federal into a provincial, had spent \$85,000 on overheads, planning, jetting about the Pacific, lining up neutrinos and delegates.

The Liberals, of course, regard the



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conference sessions across Canada as callousness. The Liberals, by an unnecessary fleet of public relations that will have to go into auto-flushery Hall of Fame, somehow decided that this event that was to draw public attention would be closed in the press. So as to make sure they did not raise any guff, they also banished all the diplomats they had invited from Ottawa and abroad.

The poor man struggled to make sense of all this—and partly an unpredictable position—was Ed Laundry, the shiky new minister of state for trade, a small businessman from the eastern Ontario town of Cornwall, left adrift on the Pacific like Thor Heyerdahl. Mr Laundry is a kindhearted, pleasant man, eager to please, most bewildested and hurt by the savage press reaction to the fact he was hosting a conference that was designed as an advertisement and emerged as a severe farce. He was, he explained, at the mercy of his steering committee, which recommended that the bathhouse press and the police dip-

Pacific as a back door. Even though a third of business sits across that ocean. Even though the world's most populous nation, China, beckons with its fathomless market potential. Along with Japan, the world's second-largest free-market economy. The Liberals were bewildered by the Pacific and they seemed uneasy when they inherited the structure of a Pacific Rim conference that was designed to alert all Canada to the potential for trade. Casey says she had Treasury Board approval to carry

on, and "we're not used to dealing with the media."

Neither, it might be added, is the party that complains about not being understood in the West. If the Liberals do not have earl, they have paper. In the four-plus press briefings package, which includes banter in some of the smaller scribbles, a fancy map detailing Pacific trade has arrows swooshing from Canada all across the Pacific and conveniently ignoring a bothersome thing called the island of Taiwan. "We don't recognize Taiwan," says Laundry, increasingly reticent about the man who is up to his navel in a literary mess.

It is to his credit that he has come to grips with this. "That means you don't recognize it," he says—saying words like this. In a political finance Mr Laundry has spent a further \$100,000 on a three-day closed conference that attracts massive media. "We could have got across that there is a Canada of the Pacific as well as a Canada of the Atlantic," says a government trade source. "We're going to come out of this with teeth."

In bizarre counterparts, External Affairs Minister Marc MacGregor is handed a lugubrious address to deliver that evinces this delusion while "As I have mentioned as a number of occasions, increased coverage of the Pacific by Canadian media organizations would also be a significant step forward." Oh joy. The Hon. Gen. maintained: "Until recently, we have been overwhelmingly an Atlantic nation in outlook... the truth is that we still lack, in Canada, a well-developed public sense of where we are going and what we should be doing in the Pacific." One wonders why



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